

THE GRAPHIC

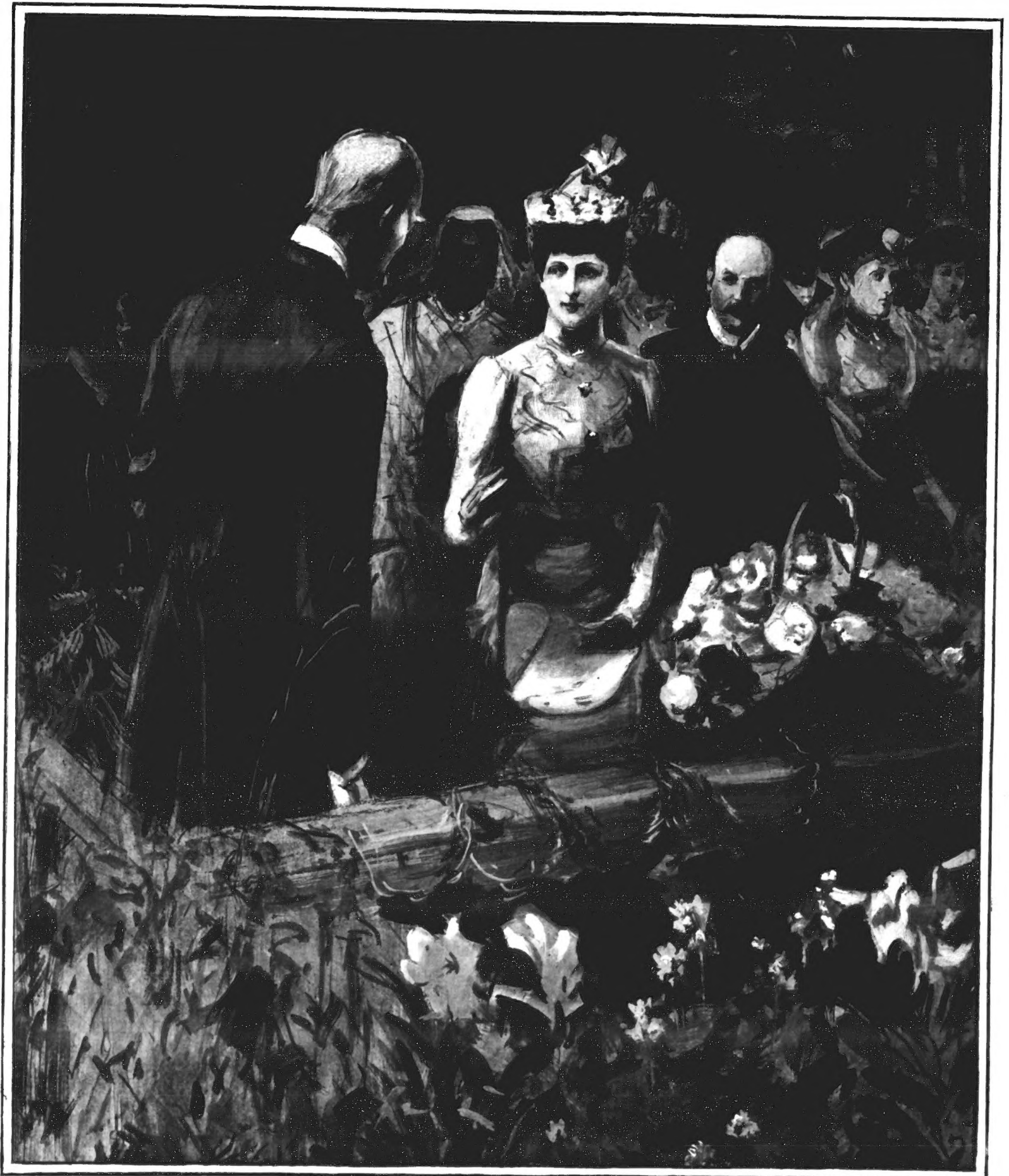
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,707.—VOL. LXVI.
Registered as a Newspaper] EDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT:
"The Coronation"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



The Earl of Northbrook:—"They were on the eve of the solemn ceremony when Her Majesty would receive that Crown which they all of them prayed she might long live to adorn. (Prolonged cheers.) No act on the part of Her Majesty could more strongly show the interest she felt in the

success of that association than that at this time, and under these circumstances, she should have been graciously pleased to preside over that meeting."

ON THE EVE OF THE CORONATION: THE QUEEN AT THE MEETING OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' FAMILIES ASSOCIATION IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

Topics of the Week

The Coronation and Foreign Nations

How richly blessed has been the Coronation of King Edward is shown not only in the mighty outburst of loyalty to the Throne and attachment to the King's person which has swept from end to end of the Empire, but scarcely less strikingly by the current of sympathy it has suddenly re-established with foreign nations, who only a few weeks ago were possessed of very different feelings. The dramatic circumstances of the postponed ceremony had, of course, no national limitations. They spoke a language which was intelligible to every human heart, and hence the deeply stirred interest of the foreigner, which was illustrated by the unusual efforts made by his newspapers to chronicle every detail connected with the memorable solemnity. Rarely, indeed, has the Press of any country devoted so much space to an event occurring beyond its borders as the Press of every foreign land has given to the Crowning of our King. But what is most satisfactory to note is the kindly spirit in which all the descriptions and comments are conceived and the visible impression produced upon the writers by the

political energy of the nation. In Britain alone there is nothing of the kind. Both the Crown and the people have their rôles clearly marked out in the essentially democratic polity of the Empire, and they are bound to each other by inviolable ties of confidence, of loyalty, and of practical necessity. In short, the Coronation has revealed to the outside world the great sources of our national strength, which consist in domestic peace and contentment, in liberties which nobody threatens, in ancient but flexible institutions to which the whole country is deeply attached, and in intense loyalty to a Royal House whose chief is neither a despot nor a constitutional abstraction, but the mirror of British patriotism, and the jealous custodian of the laws and the liberties of her people. It is this which has most deeply impressed our foreign friends, and which has mingled with their note of sympathy a more thoughtful recognition of our political and social circumstances which is likely to bear happy fruit.

The King's Coronation Gift

KING EDWARD never did a more gracious and generous action than when he announced that he would hand over the Royal residence at Osborne as a princely gift to the nation. It is actions of this nature which make it abundantly clear how thoroughly he is in touch and sympathy with his people. No one can forget that Osborne was

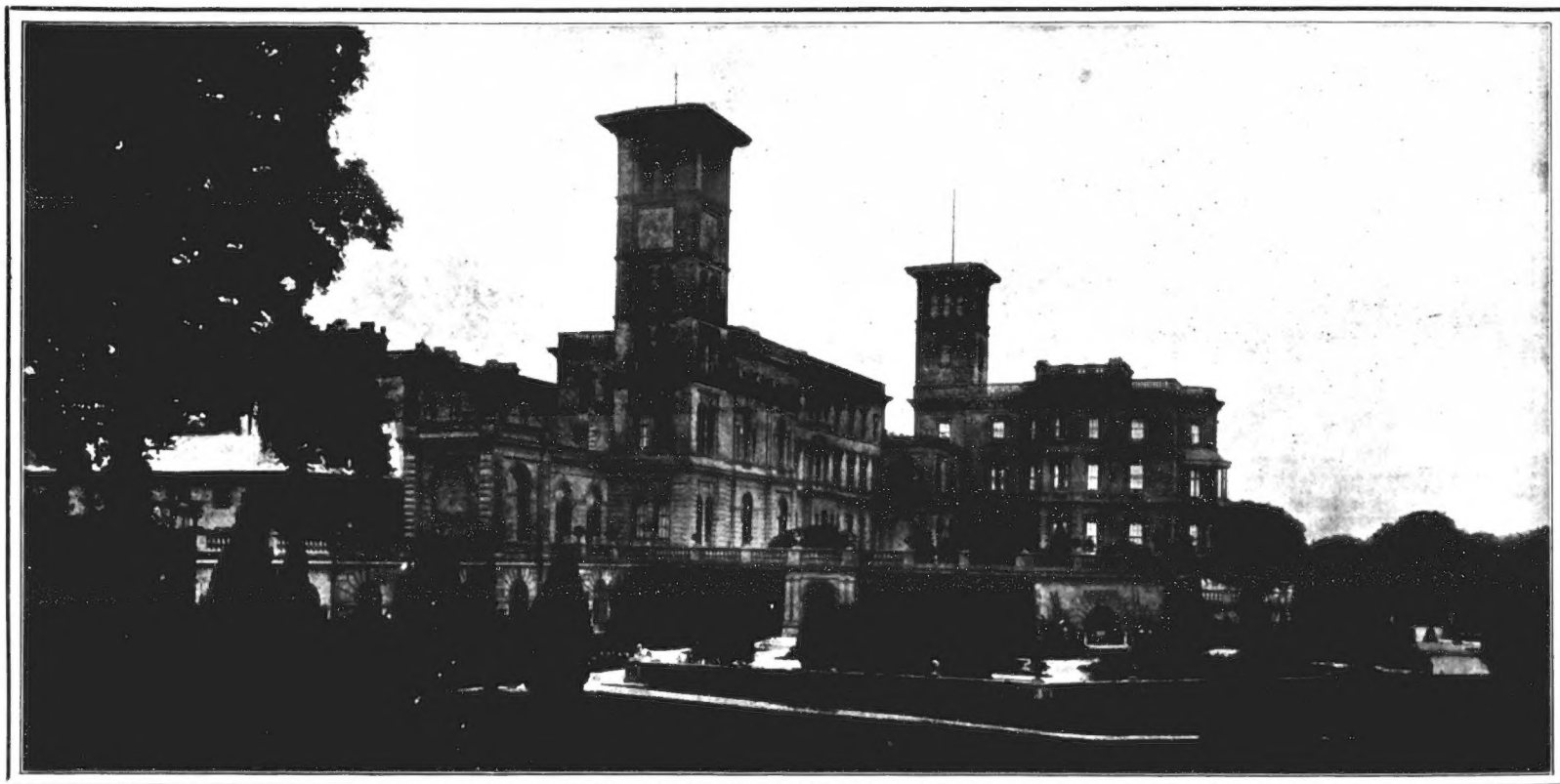
Paris Jottings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the most striking things in modern Paris is the immense improvement of the foreign news section of the Press. Fifteen or twenty years ago foreign news hardly counted at all, a few colourless agency telegrams representing all that was devoted to chronicling events in foreign countries. But in the last year or two all this has changed, and now the Paris journals are copiously, if not very impartially, informed as to events abroad. A striking instance of this was seen in the reporting of King Edward's Coronation. On Sunday morning all the papers gave the great ceremony in Westminster Abbey as many columns as they would formerly have given paragraphs. Many of the reports were most admirably done and in every way worthy of the occasion.

In every instance they were couched in a sympathetic tone, the Paris Press giving one more proof of the popularity of the King on this side of the Channel. The account given by the *Temps* correspondent was particularly excellent. By a curious coincidence he found himself seated between Sir Frank Burnand and an aged gentleman who had been at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. He had, therefore, in the Editor of *Punch*, someone who could instruct him in all that was modern, while his other neighbour was a guide to the past.

The latest addition to the President of the Republic's Guards is one that will inspire respect, as he is about the largest soldier in the French Army. He measures nearly six feet seven inches, and is correspondingly broad across the chest. He is even taller than Jess, the famous Cent Garde of Napoleon III., who was, in his



OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT: PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY THE KING

From a Photograph by Frith and Co.

stirring and imposing circumstance of the whole celebration. Much of this is due to the great respect in which the King has never ceased to be held abroad and to the admiration everywhere excited by the manly courage and splendid tenacity which carried him so triumphantly through "the Valley of the Shadow." Much again is to be attributed to the æsthetic sense which could not but be charmed by the historic splendour of the pageant and by the sacred beauty of the ceremonial within the venerable Abbey of Westminster. But beyond these aspects of the celebration, which might easily prove of an evanescent and limited effect, it is abundantly clear that the quick imagination of the foreign observer has fully seized the greater political truths which lie at the root of the solemnity, and are bound up by the attitude towards it of the whole British Empire. The one illustrates the unmistakable stability of our institutions and the reality of our hold on a past which is full of inspiring glories. The other throws into striking relief the happiness and contentment of the people, and their loyalty to a system of Government which, besides possessing all the dignity of antiquity, is the effective guarantee of liberties which are the envy of the world. In almost every other country of Europe there is a constitutional question, which absorbs a large part of the anxieties and

one of Queen Victoria's favourite dwellings—that it was there she spent some of her happiest days, and that it was there she died. To the nation at large it will be a priceless memorial of a unique reign, and the privilege of visiting the residence so intimately associated with England's greatest Queen will not be lightly esteemed by the King's subjects all over the world. That the King desires that the Palace should be not solely a show place is only another proof of the practical bent of his mind. No one knows better than His Majesty that the finest memorials are those which serve in some way the good of the nation, and the proposal to make of Osborne a Convalescent Home for those who have temporarily lost their health in the twin services is admirable. It affords another instance, too, of His Majesty's increasing thought for those who for any cause have fallen out in the race. The gift in itself is a splendid one; it rests with the nation now to see that it is preserved as a fitting memorial to the late Queen, and as a monument to the generosity of its Royal donor.

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

The first of a Series of Articles on the less-known Mountains, by Francis Gribble, appears in this Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

time, the admiration of the Parisians. It would be somewhat trying for M. Loubet to have Adoué, his new guard, as his personal attendant when he goes out on foot, for the President is far from tall, and the pair would have an embarrassing resemblance to the milestone and the mile.

The older generation of French painters are dying off fast. In the last year or two over a score of well-known artists have joined the great majority. The two latest, Vibert and James Tissot, still further increase the void. Vibert was a kind of universal genius. He was not only a great painter, but a very distinguished chemist and a successful playwright. He applied his chemical skill for the benefit of his fellow-artists by inventing varnishes and colours. Among other things he invented a paint which he maintained would retain its brilliancy for ever. This, says the legend, was the cause of a somewhat cruel *mot* on the part of Dagnan Bouveret, who was not an admirer of Vibert's talent. He stopped one day in the Salon before one of Vibert's pictures and observed, "And to think that that is going to last for ever!"

The French Diplomatic Service is shortly going to undergo a very considerable change, as no less than four Ambassadors are about to retire, and several Ministers. The most important of them is the Embassy of St. Petersburg. However, the invention of the electric telegraph has greatly diminished the powers of the modern Ambassador, and though Prince Bismarck's slighting description of them as "highly paid letter-carriers" was, perhaps, an exaggeration, it contained the elements of truth. The Foreign Minister and the Bureaux direct all the more important negotiations, and M. Delcassé and the Quai d'Orsay are quite equal to the task.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTLER

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE project for a central home for the London County Council, if carried out, and it is by no means certain that it will be, will sweep away a fine row of houses erected by the Brothers Adams—namely, Adelphi Terrace. Till this became occupied by sundry and various clubs, it was a most desirable spot for residence. All the houses are superbly built, the situation is wonderfully central, the view of the Thames, the light and the air are all that you could wish. Indeed, it is a wonder that the proprietors did not long ago convert it into a first-class residential property, for which it was originally designed. David Garrick lived at No. 4, where the ceiling was painted by Zucchi and where there was, and probably still is, a superb marble chimney-piece. The great actor died in the back room of the first floor of this house in 1779, and his widow in the same room in 1822. I remember the late E. L. Blanchard telling me he knew some one, who, as a boy, had frequently met Mrs. Garrick on the Adelphi Terrace and talked to her. Blanchard himself, during the latter years of his life, lived in this pleasant locality at No. 6, and I have the keenest recollection of the many delightful Friday evenings, during the winter season, passed in his hospitable abode, and the interesting reminiscences that our host evolved amid the smoke wreaths in his study oftentimes till the small hours. Should the proposed demolition take place not a few landmarks will be swept away. Among them the hotel formerly known as "Osborne's," so intimately connected with the closing scenes in "Pickwick."

The latest sensation at the Crystal Palace, the Topsy-Turvy Railway, though coming as a novelty from America, was originated in this country many years ago. My earliest recollections are of posters on the London hoardings—posters were neither so numerous nor so pictorial then as they are nowadays—of the Centrifugal Railway, which, as far as I can remember, was conducted on exactly the same principle as the novelty above alluded to. Where the earlier railway was situated I am not quite clear, but I fancy it was somewhere at Kensington, and, according to the pictures, the passengers were whirled round two circles, the first being the larger of the two. Though always of an adventurous disposition, I never made any of these circular trips, for my nurse, with a singular foresight, always steadfastly refused to have the head turned of the Bystander of the future. In more recent times there was a model of the Centrifugal Railway on a small scale at the Royal Polytechnic in Regent Street, with dolls for passengers,

which was an everlasting source of joy to the juvenile visitors, and was sold at the break-up of the institution twenty years ago.

The other day it was stated that the first public man interviewed in England was the late Mr. W. E. Forster about 1880 or 1881. Surely there must have been a good deal of interviewing in this country prior to those years. I fancy the *World* did much to make this kind of thing popular, and the first of the well-known series, "Celebrities at Home," appeared on August 23, 1876. This was



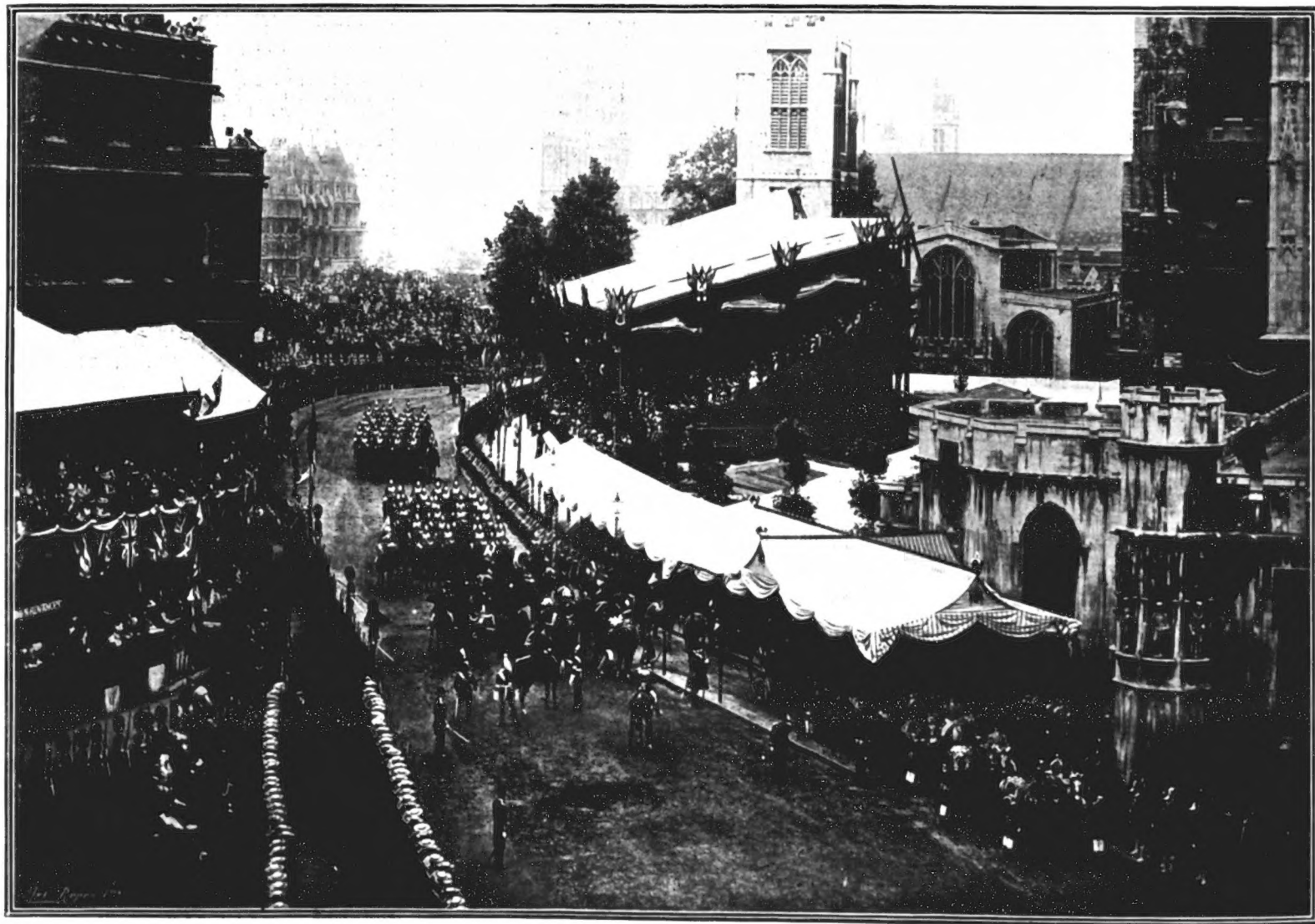
THE EARL OF DUDLEY
The New Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland

entitled "Mr. Tennyson at Haslemere." It was followed by "Mr. John Bright at One Ash," "Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden," "George Fordham at Slough," "Mr. Henry Irving in Bond Street," "The Earl of Beaconsfield at Hughenden," "Mr. Spurgeon at Clapham," "Mr. Lowe at Sherbrooke," and "The Duke of Beaufort at Badminton"—a wondrous variety to start with. And this variety has been steadily maintained in the series that has now lasted for close upon six-and-twenty years.

The Stream Shampooing Company we have been told about, which was to convert all the weirs on the Thames into "cures," where patients were to sit under the lasher and have all their maladies washed out of them, and to be thoroughly rasped into a fine state of health. This was an excellent notion, but I cannot learn that the company has yet been floated. However, I have recently heard marvellous stories of the therapeutic advantages of the Thames Valley, which ought to make the fortune of all living on its banks. I have been told of people who have been afflicted with severe sciatica, for which they have vainly consulted eminent physicians and tried every cure without experiencing any relief. Circumstances compelled them, much against their will, to reside in the Thames Valley, close to the river, and in a little while their most painful malady vanished as if by magic. If the atmosphere of the Thames Valley can cure sciatica, doubtless it would be good for lumbago, rheumatism and gout. Here, then, is a fine chance for the river hotels throughout the year in the place of their usual very short summer season. Latterly there has been somewhat of a slump in houseboats, and not a few have been recently offered at a reduced price. The owners will not have the opportunity of more than recouping themselves for their original outlay by converting each craft into a comfortable sanatorium for the use of those suffering from sciatica, gout or rheumatism.

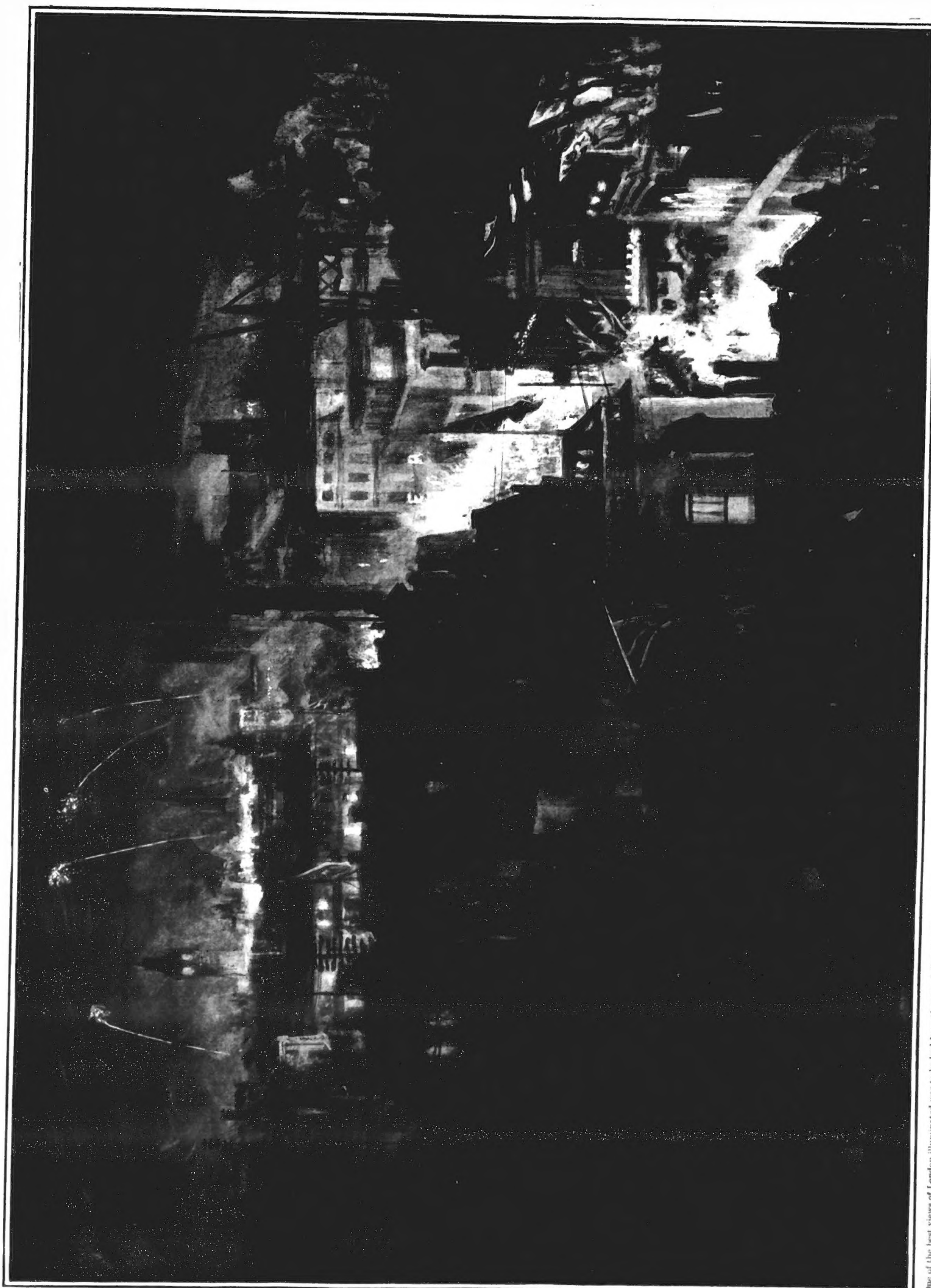
Lord Dudley

THE Earl of Dudley, who succeeds Earl Cadogan as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, is in his thirty-sixth year. He was born in 1867, and succeeded to the title in 1885. Lord Dudley is a major in the Worcestershire Yeomanry, a D.L., and county alderman for Worcestershire, a County Councillor for London, and Lord High Steward of Kidderminster. He was elected Mayor of Dudley in 1895 and 1896, and appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade in July, 1895. During the South African War he served as Deputy Assistant-Adjutant-General with the Imperial Yeomanry. He married, in 1891, Rachael, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Gurney. Our portrait is from a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



CORONATION DAY: THE KING'S CARRIAGE ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY

From a Photograph by the Art Reproduction Company



One of the best views of London illuminated was to be had from the top of Waterloo Place. The Duke of York's Column stood out black and clear-cut in the flare of light, while farther off could be seen the grey towers of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. Our Artist obtained his view from the roof of the Criterion, by the courtesy of Messrs. Spiers and Pond.

THE ILLUMINATIONS ON CORONATION DAY: GENERAL VIEW, LOOKING DOWN WATERLOO PLACE

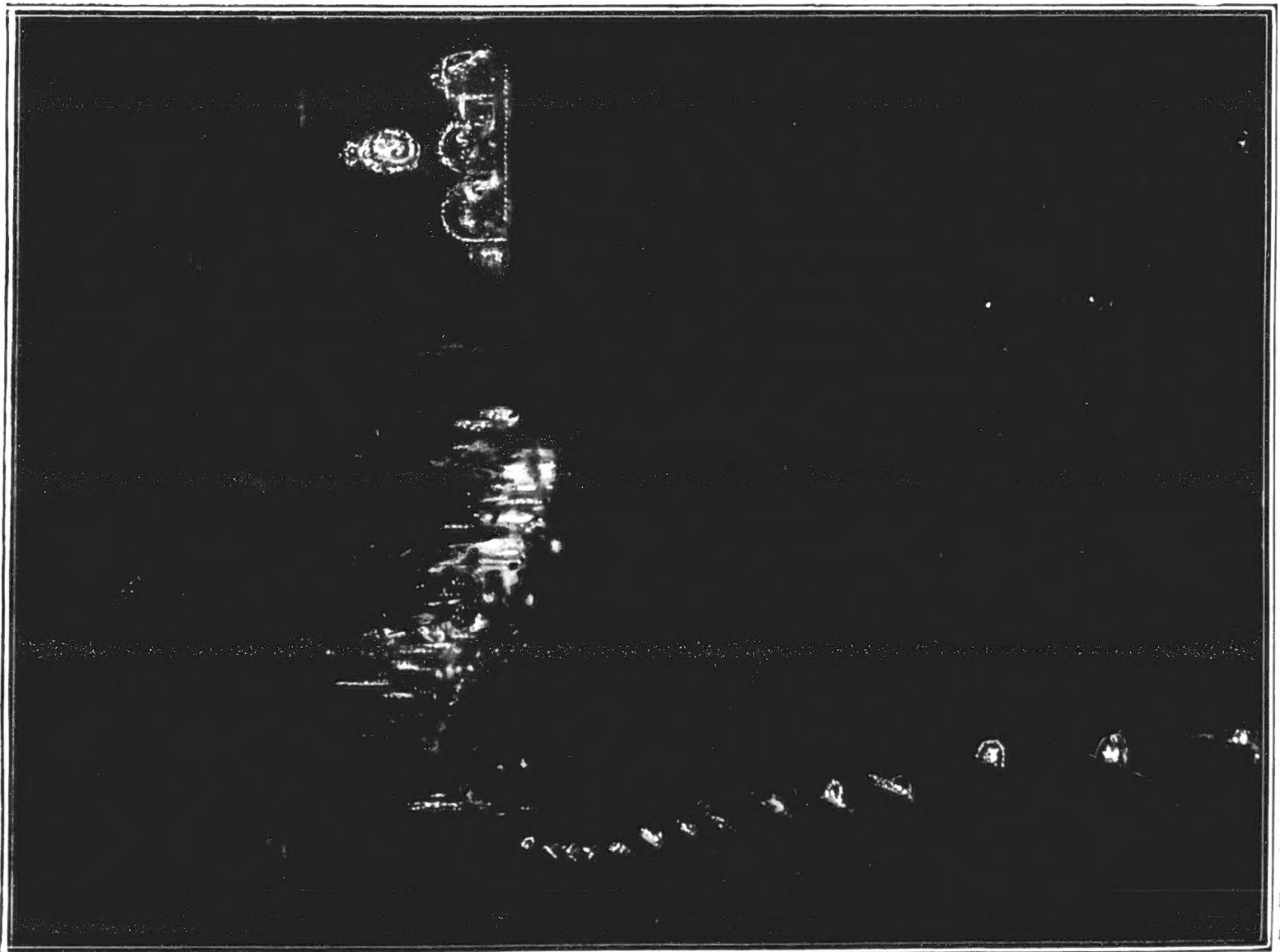
DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



It was a kindly thought to give the Chelsea Pensioners the opportunity of seeing the King on his Coronation Day. The gallant old soldiers were given a place on Constitution Hill, and excited much interest from other sea-holders in the neighbourhood

CHEERING THE KING ON CORONATION DAY: THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS ON CONSTITUTION HILL

DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN



Piccadilly was densely crowded on the night of the Coronation Day. The street was bathed in the bright light of many illuminations. This general view of the scene was obtained by our artist from the roof of the Criterion through the courtesy of Messrs. Spiers and Pond.
CORONATION DAY: THE ILLUMINATIONS IN PICCADILLY
DRAWN BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



As soon as the police and military opened the roads to the public a large crowd gathered from all sides round the Abbey, and the thoroughfare soon presented a marked contrast to its former isolated appearance.
AFTER THE CORONATION CEREMONY: THE CROWD AT WESTMINSTER
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

The Music of the Coronation

If the Coronation ceremony could have occupied an hour or so longer, no doubt the music, without going quite so far as the George III. "record" of eight anthems, might have been made an even more important feature than it was on Saturday. But it was not to be; and under the circumstances the best that was possible was done. The old masters represented were Purcell, Orlando Gibbons, Croft, and Handel; and the moderns, Sullivan, Stainer, and Samuel Sebastian Wesley; while Stanford's *Ti Deum*, with orchestration and a new ending introducing the Dresden "Amen," was used; and new anthems were contributed by Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Frederick Bridge, and Sir Walter Parratt. Thus it was all English music, and it represented the English Church school of something like three centuries. The Litany was omitted, and Croft's tune, "St. Anne's," to Dr. Watts's noble lines, "O God, our help in ages past" the King's favourite hymn, by the way—was sung instead.

A *pièce d'occasion* is rarely a master-work, and the question whether any of the present Coronation anthems will attain to greater longevity than their predecessors by Smart and others at Queen Victoria's Coronation, may be left for the future to decide. They are all, at any rate, excellent examples of sound, honest British workmanship, essentially, of course, of the church pattern; while Parry's anthem, to which the King's procession entered, is especially notable for that broad and effective choral writing of which the Director of the Royal College of Music is an acknowledged master. Sir W. Parratt's "Comfortare" is scarcely intended for separate use, but Sir F. Bridge's "Homage" Anthem was included in the Coronation Service at several churches on Sunday.

Greater variety was afforded by the preliminary music, mainly, of course, devoted to processional marches. First came Sir A. C. Mackenzie's Coronation March, conducted by its composer at the Alhambra, and scarcely the best example of Sir Alexander's talent. This was followed, when the procession of the Prince and Princess of Wales appeared, by Dr. Cowen's Coronation March, already heard at a Philharmonic concert, and now, owing to the length of the procession, played twice over. Mr. Percy Godfrey's much-debated Prize March, Gounod's March from the *Queen of Sheba*, and Dr. Saint-Saëns' new Coronation March were also included in the processional music. Dr. Saint-Saëns has, in the coda of his March, felicitously introduced the melody of the "Kynge's Balade" entitled "Passtyme with good companye," attributed in the British Museum catalogue to Henry VIII.

The Service music proper was practically that set down in the official book published last June. After Parry's opening

anthem, the lines "Hearken Thou to the voice of my calling," reset to a portion of a chorus from Sullivan's *Light of the World*, came in with beautiful effect. The Creed was that in E. by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, a grand-nephew of the founder of the Wesleyan sect, but himself an old Bluecoat boy, and in the first half of the last century one of the greatest of our church organists.

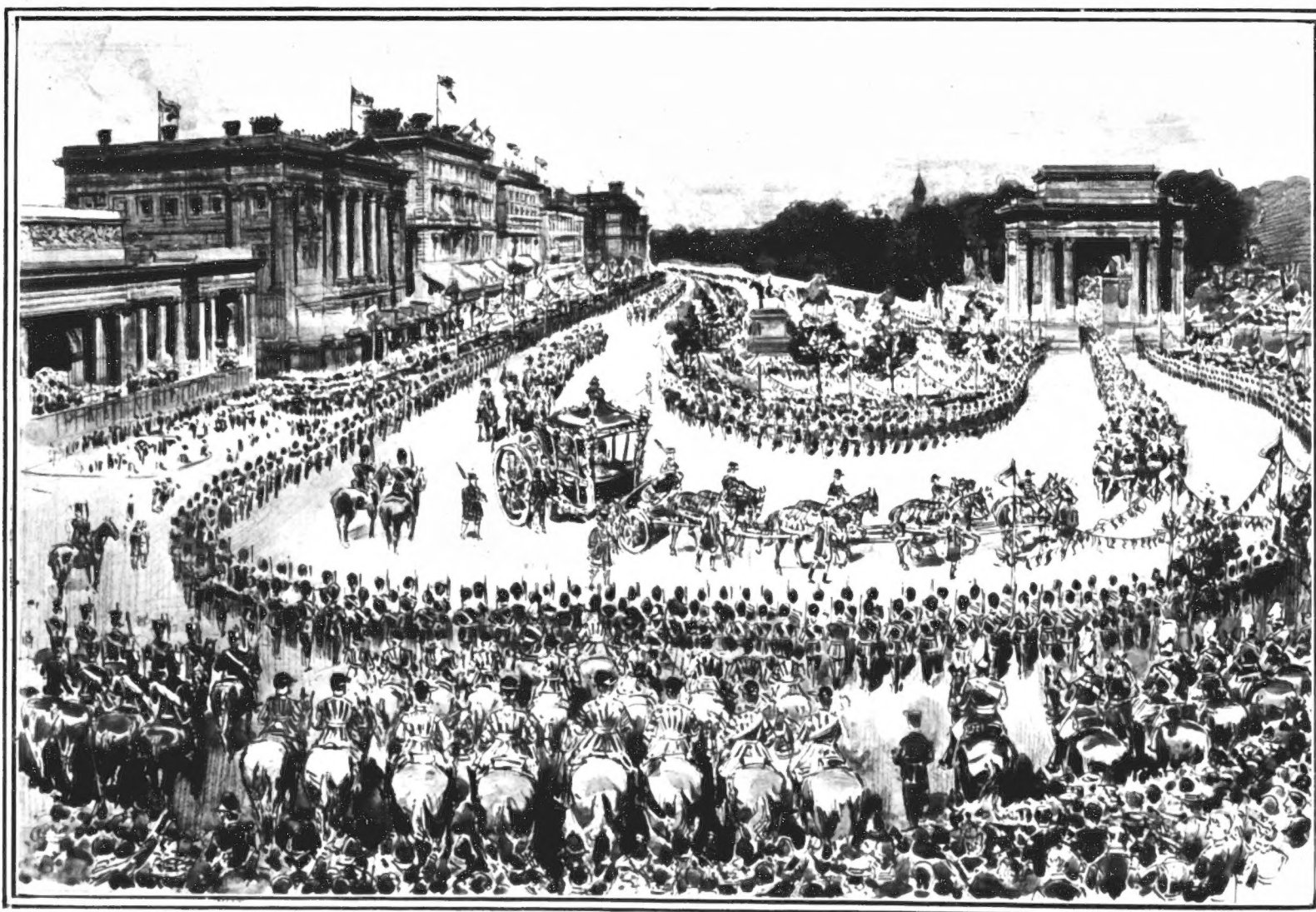
Instead of the Royal party sitting down while certain music was performed, as was at first intended, the music was used to accompany special portions of the Service—a very happy idea. The hymn "Veni Creator," the oldest section of the Service, repeated at every Coronation since the Plantagenets' time, was sung to the ancient Plain Chant, and while the anointing was still in progress there

was performed Handel's *Zadok the Priest*, which has been heard at every Coronation since that of George II., for which it was originally composed. Parratt's very brief "Comfortare," after the crowning, proved to be a little gem, and then, after the Queen's Coronation, the rest of the Communion Service was resumed, with short pieces by Purcell, Stainer, and Gibbons, including the now popular "Sevenfold Amen" (the last few bars played softly on the "celestial" organ in the triforium), and a noble "Amen," borrowed from Gibbons' anthem, written for James I. when in Scotland. Lastly, during the "Recess," came the *Ti Deum*, and as recessional music Wagner's *Kaiser March*, with some new English words to the vocal portion, written by Mr. Benson, of Eton, and Dr. Elgar's Imperial March.



LORD ROBERTS AS HE APPEARED IN THE PROCESSION ON CORONATION DAY

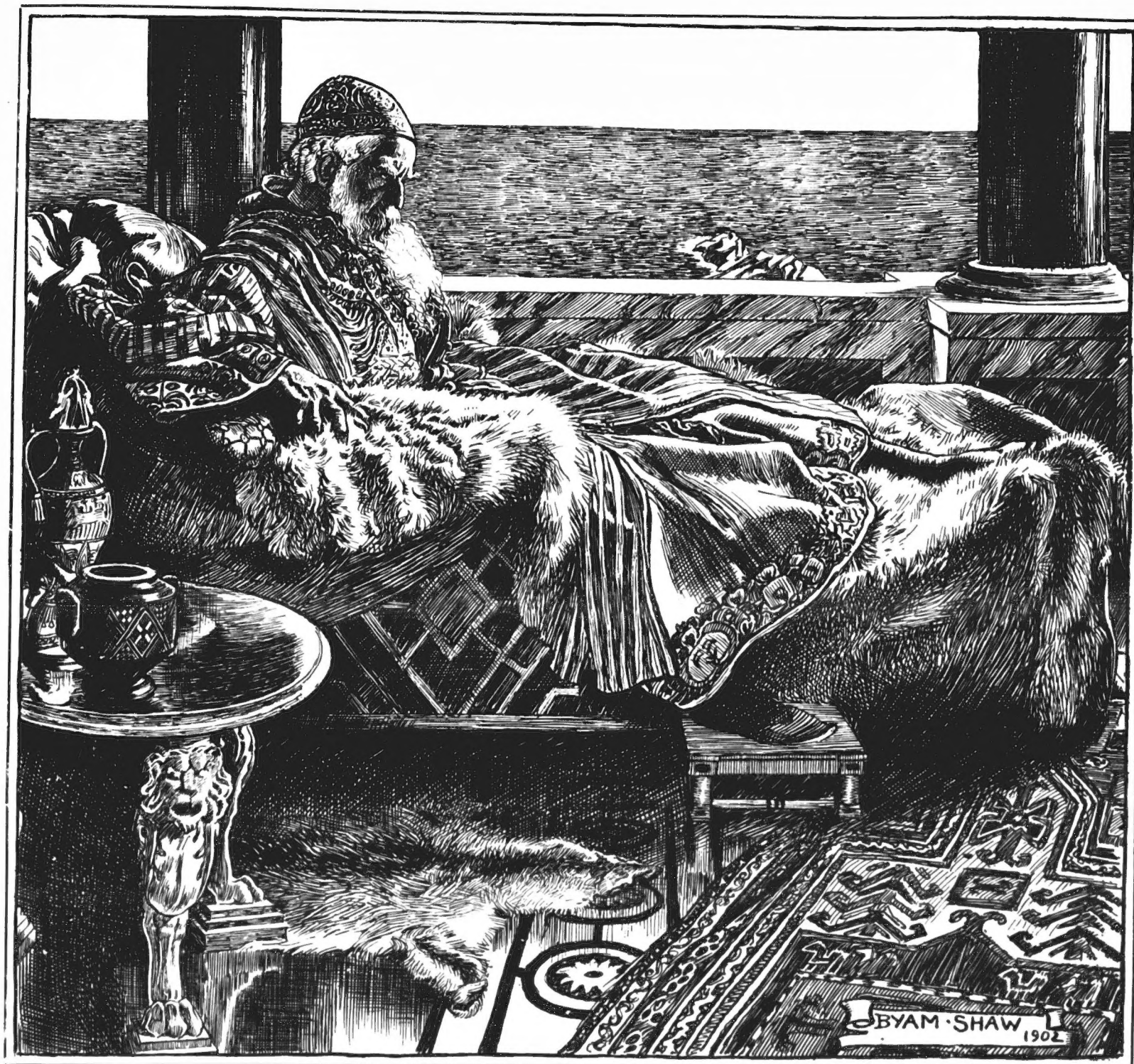
From a Photograph by Ivor Castle, Bristol



This view of Piccadilly and the top of Constitution Hill was obtained from St. George's Hospital by the kind permission of the management of that institution

CORONATION DAY: GENERAL VIEW OF THE PROCESSION IN PICCADILLY ON THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

DRAWN BY H. C. BREWER



"On a certain afternoon in one of the palaces of Tyre a man might have been seen sitting in a long portico, which overlooked the Mediterranean, whose blue waters lapped the straight-scarped rock below. The man was old and very handsome. His dark eyes were quick and full of fire, his nose looked like the beak of a bird of prey, his hair and beard were long and snowy white. His robes also were rich and splendid, and over them, since at this season of the year even at Tyre it was cold, he wore a cloak of costly northern furs."

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER X.

BENONI

A WHILE later Caleb, no longer a solitary wanderer with only his feet to carry him, his staff to protect him, and a wallet to supply him with food, but a gallant gentleman, well-armed, clad in furs and a purple cloak, accompanied by servants and riding a splendid horse, once more passed the walls of Jerusalem. On the rising ground beyond the Damascus gate he halted and looked back at the glorious city with her crowded streets, her mighty towers, her luxurious palaces, and her world-famed temple that dominated all, which from here seemed as a mountain covered with snow and crowned with glittering gold.

"I will rule there when the Romans have been driven out," he said to himself, for already Caleb had grown very ambitious. Indeed, the wealth and place that had come to him so suddenly, with which many men would have been satisfied, did but serve to increase his appetite for power, fame, and all good things. To him this money was but a stepping-stone to greater fortunes.

Caleb was journeying to Tyre to take possession of his house [Copyright, 1902, by H. RIDER HAGGARD, in the United States of America.]

there which the Roman commander of the district had been bidden to hand over to him. Also he had another object. At Tyre dwelt the old Jew, Benoni, who was Miriam's grandfather, as he had discovered years ago, for when they were still children together she had told him all her story. This Benoni, for reasons of his own, he desired to see.

On a certain afternoon in one of the palaces of Tyre a man might have been seen sitting in a long portico, or verandah as we should call it, which overlooked the Mediterranean, whose blue waters lapped the straight-scarped rock below. For this house was in the island city, not in that of the mainland where most of the rich Syrians dwelt.

The man was old and very handsome. His dark eyes were quick and full of fire, his nose looked like the beak of a bird of prey, his hair and beard were long and snowy white. His robes also were rich and splendid, and over them, since at this season of the year even at Tyre it was cold, he wore a cloak of costly northern furs. The house was worthy of its owner. Built throughout of the purest marble, the rooms were roofed and panelled with sweet-smelling cedar of Lebanon, whence hung many silver lamps and decorated by statuary and frescoes. On the marble floors were spread rugs,

beautifully wrought in colours, while here and there stood couches, tables and stools, fashioned for the most part of ebony from Libya, inlaid with ivory and pearl.

Benoni, the owner of all this wealth, having finished his business for that day—the taking count of a shipload of merchandise which had reached him from Egypt—had eaten his midday meal and now sought his couch under the portico to rest awhile in the sun. Reclining on the cushions, soon he was asleep; but it would seem that his dreams were unhappy, at the least he turned from side to side muttering and moving his hands. At last he sat up with a start.

"Oh! Rachel, Rachel," he moaned, "why will you haunt n / sleep? Oh! my child, my child, have I not suffered enough? Must you bring my sin back to me in this fashion? May I not shut my eyes even here in the sunlight and be at peace a while? What have you to tell me that you come thus often to stand here so strengthless, and so still? Nay, it is not you; it is my sin that wears your shape;" and Benoni hid his face in his hands, rocking himself to and fro and moaning aloud.

Presently he sprang up. "It was no sin," he said, "it was a righteous act. I offered her to the outraged majesty of Jehovah as Abraham, our father, would have offered Isaac, but the curse of that

false prophet is upon me and mine. That was the fault of Demas, the half-bred hound who crept into my kennel, and whom, because she loved him, I gave to her as husband. Thus did he repay me, the traitor, and I, I repaid him. Ay! But the sword fell upon two necks. He should have suffered and he alone. Oh! Rachel, my lost daughter Rachel, forgive me, you whose bones lie there beneath the sea, forgive me. I cannot bear those eyes of yours. I am old, Rachel, I am old." Thus Benoni muttered to himself as he walked swiftly to and fro, then, worn out with his burst of solitary, dream-laden passion, he sank back upon the couch.

As he sat thus, an Arab doorkeeper, gorgeously apparelled and armed with a great sword, appeared in the portico, and after looking carefully to see that his master was not asleep, made a low salaam.

"What is it?" asked Benoni shortly.

"Master, a young lord named Caleb wishes speech with you."

"Caleb? I know not the name," replied Benoni. "Stay, it must be the son of Hilliel, whom the Roman governor"—and, turning, he spat upon the ground—"has brought to his own again. I heard that he had come to take possession of the great house on the quay. Bring him hither."

The Arab saluted and went. Presently he returned and ushered in Caleb, now a noble-looking young man clad in fine raiment. Benoni bowed to him and prayed him to be seated. Caleb bowed in return, touching his forehead in Eastern fashion with his hand, from which, as his host noticed, the forefinger was missing.

"I am your servant, sir," said Benoni with grave courtesy.

"Master, I am your slave," answered Caleb. "I have been told that you knew my father, therefore, on this, my first visit to Tyre, I come to make my respects to you. I am the son of Hilliel, who perished many years ago in Jerusalem. You may have heard his story and mine."

"Yes," answered Benoni scanning his visitor, "I knew Hilliel, a clever man, but one who fell into a trap at last, and I see that you are his son. Your face proves it; indeed, it might be Hilliel who stands before me."

"I am proud that you should say so," answered Caleb, though already he guessed that between Benoni and his father no love had been lost. "You know," he added, "that certain of our people seized my inheritance, which now has been restored to me—in part."

"By Gessius Florus, the procurator, I think, who, on this account, has cast many Jews, some of them innocent, into prison."

"Indeed! Is that so? Well, it was concerning this Florus that I came chiefly to ask your advice. The Roman has kept a full half of my property," and Caleb sighed and looked indignant.

"You are indeed fortunate that he has not kept it all."

"I have been brought up in the desert far from cities," pleaded Caleb. "Is there no law by which I may have justice of this man? Cannot you help me who are great among our people?"

"None," answered Benoni. "Roman citizens have rights, Jews what they can get. You can appeal to Caesar if you wish, as the jekal appealed to the lion. But if you are wise you will be content with half the carcass. Also, I am not great; I am but an old merchant without authority."

Caleb looked downfallen. "It seems that the days are hard for us Jews," he said. "Well, I will be content and strive to forgive my enemies."

"Better be content and strive to smite your enemies," answered Benoni. "You who were poor are rich; for this much thank God."

"Night and morning I do thank Him," replied Caleb earnestly and with truth.

Then there was silence for a while.

"Is it your intention to reside in Hezron's—I mean in your house—in Tyre?" asked Benoni, breaking it.

"For a time, perhaps, until I find a tenant. I am not accustomed to towns, and at present they seem to stifle me."

"Where were you brought up, sir?"

"Among the Essenes by Jericho. But I am not an Essene—their creed disgusted me; I belong to that of my fathers."

"There are worse men," replied Benoni. "A brother of my late wife is an Essene, a kindly natured fool named Ithiel; you may have known him."

"Oh, yes, I know him. He is one of their curators and the guardian of the lady Miriam, his great-niece."

The old man started violently, then, recovering himself, said:

"Forgive me, but Miriam was the name of my lost wife, one which it disturbs me to hear. But how can this girl be Ithiel's grand-niece? He had no relations except his sister."

"I do not know," answered Caleb carelessly. "The story is that the lady Miriam, whom they call the Queen of the Essenes, was brought to them nineteen or twenty years ago by a Libyan woman named Nehushta"—here again Benoni started—"who said that the child's mother, Ithiel's niece, had been shipwrecked and died after giving birth to the infant, commanding that it should be brought to him to be reared. The Essenes consenting, he accepted the charge, and there she is still."

"Then is this lady Miriam an Essene?" asked Benoni in a thick, slow voice.

"No; she is of the sect of the Christians, in which faith she has been brought up as her mother desired."

The old man rose from his couch and walked up and down the portico.

"Tell me of the lady Miriam, sir," he said presently, "for the tale interests me. What is she like?"

"She is, as I believe, the most beautiful maiden in the whole world, though small and slight; also she is the most sweet and learned."

"That is high praise, sir," said Benoni.

"Yes, master, and perhaps I exaggerate her charms, as is but natural."

"Why is it natural?"

"Because we were brought up together, and I hope that one day she will be my wife."

"Are you then affianced to this maid?"

"No, not affianced—as yet," replied Caleb, with a little smile, "but I will not trouble you with a history of my love affairs. I have already trespassed too long upon your kindness. It is something to ask of you who may not desire my acquaintance, but if you

will do me the honour to sup with me to-morrow night, your servant will be grateful."

"I thank you, young sir. I will come, I will come, for in truth," he added hastily, "I am anxious to hear news of all that passes at Jerusalem, which, I understand, you left but a few days since, and I perceive that you are one whose eyes and ears are always open."

"I try both to see and to hear," said Caleb, modestly. "But I am very inexperienced, and am not sure which cause a man who hopes to become both wise and good, ought to espouse in these troublous days. I need guidance such as you could give me if you wished. For this while, farewell."

Benoni watched his visitor depart, then once more began to wander up and down the portico.

"I do not trust that young man," he thought, "of whose doings I have heard something; but he is rich and able, and may be of service to our cause. This Miriam of whom he speaks, who can she be? unless, indeed, Rachel bore a daughter before she died. Why not? She would not have left it to my care who desired that it should be reared in her own accursed faith and looked upon me as the murderer of her husband and herself. If so, I, who thought myself childless, yet have issue on the earth—at least there is one in whom my blood runs. Beautiful, gifted—but a Christian! The sin of the parents has descended on the child—yes, the curse is on her also. I must seek her out. I must know the truth. Man, what is it now? Can you not see that I would be alone?"

"Master, your pardon," said the Arab servant, bowing, "but the Roman captain, Marcus, desires speech with you."

"Marcus? Oh! I remember, the centurion who was stationed here. I am not well, I cannot see him. Bid him come to-morrow."

"Master, he bid me say that he sails for Rome to-night."

"Well, well, admit him," answered Benoni. "Perchance he comes to pay his debt," he added.

The Arab departed, and presently the Roman was ushered in.

"Greetings, Benoni," he said with his pleasant smile. "Here am I, yet alive for all your fears, so you see your money is still safe."

"I am glad to hear it, my lord Marcus," answered the Jew, bowing low. "But if it will please you to produce it, with the interest, I think," he added dryly, "it may be even safer in my strongbox."

Marcus laughed pleasantly.

"Produce it?" he said. "What jest is this? Why, I come to borrow more to defray my costs to Rome."

Benoni's mouth shut like a trap.

"Nay," said Marcus, holding up his hand, "don't begin, I know it all. The times are full of trouble and danger. Such little ready cash as you have at command is out at interest in safer countries, Egypt, Rome and Italy; your correspondent at Alexandria has failed to make you the expected remittance; and you have reason to believe that every ship in which you are concerned is now at the bottom of the ocean—so would you be so good as to lend me half a talent of silver—a thousand shekels in cash and the rest in bills of exchange on your agents at Brundisium?"

"No," said Benoni, sternly.

"Yes," replied Marcus, with conviction. "Look you, friend Benoni, the security is excellent. If I don't get drowned, or have my throat slit between here and Italy, I am going to be one of the richest men in Rome; so this is your last chance of lending me a trifle. You don't believe it? Then read this letter from Caius, my uncle, and this rescript signed by Nero the Caesar."

Benoni perused the documents and returned them.

"I offer you my congratulations," he said. "If God permits it and you will walk steadily, your future should be brilliant, since you are of a pleasant countenance, and when you choose to use it, behind that countenance lies a brain. But here I see no security for my money, since even if all things go right, Italy is a long way off."

"Man, do you think that I should cheat you?" asked Marcus hotly.

"No, no, but accidents might happen."

"Well, I will make it worth your while to risk them. For the half-talent write a talent charged upon my estate, whether I live or die. And be swift, I pray you, for I have matters to speak of, of more importance than that of this miserable money. Whilst I was commissioner among the Essenes on the banks of Jordan—"

"The Essenes! What of the Essenes?" broke in Benoni.

Marcus considered him with his grey eyes, then answered:

"Let us settle this little matter of business and then I will tell you."

"Good. It is settled; you shall have the acknowledgment to sign and the consideration in cash and bills before you leave my house. Now what of these Essenes?"

"Only this," said Marcus; "they are a strange people who read the future, I know not how. One of them with whom I became friendly, foretold that mighty troubles were about to fall upon this land of yours, slaughter and pestilence, and famine, such as the world has not seen."

"That is an old prophecy of those accursed Nazarenes," broke in Benoni.

"Call them not accursed, friend," said Marcus in an odd voice, "for you should do so least of all men. Nay, hear me out. It may be a prophecy of the Nazarenes, but it is also a prophecy of the Essenes, and I believe it, who watch the signs of the times. Now the elder told me this, that there will be a mighty uprising of the Jews against the strength of Caesar, and that most of those who join in it shall perish. He even gave names, and among them was yours, friend Benoni. Therefore, because you have lent me money, although I am a Roman, I have come to Tyre to warn you to keep clear of rebellions and other tumults."

The old man listened quietly, but not as one who disbelieves.

"All this may be so," he said, "but if my name is written in that book of the dead, the Angel of the Lord has chosen me, and I cannot escape his sword. Moreover, I am aged, and"—here his eyes flashed—"it is a good end to die fighting one's country's enemies."

"How you Jews do love us, to be sure," said Marcus with a little laugh.

"The nation that sends a Gessius Florus, or even an Albinus,

to rule its alien subjects must needs be loved," replied Benoni with bitter sarcasm. "But let us be done with politics lest we grow angry. It is strange, but a visitor has just left me who was brought up among these Essenes."

"Indeed," said Marcus, staring vacantly at the sea.

"He told me that a young and beautiful woman resides with them who is named the Queen of the Essenes. Did you chance to see her, my lord?"

Instantly Marcus became very wide awake. "Oh! yes, I saw her; and what else did he tell you?"

"He told me that this lady was both beautiful and learned."

"That is true," said Marcus with enthusiasm. "To my mind, although she is small, I never saw one lovelier, nor do I know a sculptor who is her equal. If you will come with me to the ship, I will open the case and show you the bust she made of me. But tell me, did this visitor of yours lack the forefinger on one hand, his right?"

"He did."

"Then I suppose that he is named Caleb."

"Yes; but how do you know that?"

"Because I cut off his forefinger," said Marcus, "in a fair fight, and," he added savagely, "he is a young rascal, as murderous as he is able, whose life I did ill to spare."

"Ah," said Benoni, "it seems that I have still some discernment, for just so I judged him. Well, what more do you know of the lady?"

"Something, since in a way I am affianced to her."

"Indeed! Well, this is strange, for so, as he told me, is Caleb."

"He told you that?" said Marcus, springing from his chair. "Then he lies, and would that I had time to prove it on his body. She rejected him; I have it from Nehushta, also I know it in other ways."

"Then she did accept you, my lord Marcus?"

"Not quite," he replied sadly, "but that was only because I am not a Christian. She loves me all the same," he added, recovering.

"Upon that point there can be no doubt."

"Caleb seemed to doubt it," suggested Benoni.

"Caleb is a liar," repeated Marcus with emphasis, "and one of whom you will do well to beware."

"Why should I beware of him?"

Marcus paused a moment, then answered boldly:

"Because the lady Miriam is your granddaughter and the heiress of your wealth. I say it, since if I did not Caleb would; probably he has done so already."

For a moment Benoni hid his face in his hands. Then he lifted it and said:

"I thought as much, and now I am sure. But, my lord Marcus, if my blood is hers my wealth is my own."

"Just so. Keep it if you will, or leave it where you will. It is Miriam I seek and not your money."

"I think that Caleb seeks both Miriam and my money—like a prudent man. Why should he not have them? He is a Jew of good blood; he will, I think, rise high."

"And I am a Roman of better blood who will rise higher."

"Yes, a Roman, and I, the grandfather, am a Jew who do not love you Romans."

"And Miriam is neither Jew nor Roman, but a Christian, brought up not by you, but by the Essenes, and she loves me, although she will not marry me because I am not a Christian."

Benoni shrugged his shoulders as he answered:

"All of this is a problem which I must ponder on and solve."

Marcus sprang from his seat and stood before the old man with menace in his air.

"Look you, Benoni," he said, "this is a problem not to be solved by you, or by Caleb, but by Miriam herself, and none other. Do you understand?"

"I understand that you threaten me."

"Ay, I do. Miriam is of full age; her sojourn with the Essenes must come to an end. Doubtless you will take her to dwell with you. Well, beware how you deal by her. If she wishes to marry Caleb of her own free will, let her do so. But if you force her to it, or suffer him to force her, then by your God, and by my gods, and by her God, I tell you that I will come back and take such a vengeance upon him and upon you, and upon all your people, that it shall be a story for generations. Do you believe me?"

Benoni looked up at the man who stood before him in his youth and beauty, his eyes on fire and his form quivering with rage, and looking, shrank back a little. He did not know that this light-hearted Roman had such strength and purpose at command. Now he understood for the first time that he was a true son of the terrible race of conquerors, who, if he were crossed, could be as merciless as the worst of them, one whose very honesty and openness made him to be feared the more.

"I understand that you believe what you say. Whether you are back at Rome, where there are women as fair as the Queen of the Essenes, you will continue to believe it, is another matter."

"Yes, a matter for me to settle."

"Quite so—for you to settle. Have you anything to add to the commands you are pleased to lay upon your humble creditor, Benoni the merchant?"

"Yes, two things. First, that when I leave this house you will no longer be my creditor. I have brought money to pay you off in full, principal and interest. My talk of borrowing was but a play and excuse to learn what you knew of Miriam. Nay, do not start, though it may seem strange to you that I also can be subtle. Foolish man, did you think that I with my prospects should be left to lack for a miserable half-talent? Why, there at Jerusalem I could have borrowed ten, or twenty, if I would promise my patronage by way of interest. My servants wait with the gold without. Call them in presently and pay yourself, principal and interest and something for a bonus. Now for the second. Miriam is a Christian. Beware how you tamper with her faith. It is not mine, but I say—beware how you tamper with it. You gave her father and her mother, your own daughter, to be slaughtered by gladiators and to be torn by lions because, forsooth, they did not think as you do. Lift one finger against her and I will hale you into the amphitheatre at Rome, there

to be yourself slaughtered by gladiators, or to be torn by lions. Although I am absent I shall know all that you do, for I have friends who are good and spies that are better. Moreover, I return here shortly. Now I ask you, will you give me your solemn word, swearing it by that God whom you worship, first, that you will not attempt to force your granddaughter Miriam into marriage with Caleb the Jew; and, secondly, that you will shelter her, treating her with all honour, and suffering her to follow her own faith in freedom?"

Benoni sprang from his couch.

"No, Roman, I will not. Who are you who dare to dictate to me in my own house as to how I shall deal with my own grandchild? Pay what you owe and get you gone, and darken my doors no more. I have done with you."

"Ah!" said Marcus. "well, perhaps it is time that you should travel. Those who travel and see strange countries and peoples, grow liberal-minded, which you are not. Be pleased to read this paper," and he laid a writing before him.

Benoni took it and read. It was worded thus:—

"To Marcus, the son of Emilius the centurion, in the name of Caesar, greetings. Hereby we command you, should you in your discretion think fit, to seize the person of Benoni, the Jewish merchant, a dweller in Tyre, and to convey him as a prisoner to Rome, there to answer certain charges which have been laid against him, with the particulars of which you are acquainted, which said particulars you will find awaiting you in Rome, of having conspired with certain other Jews, to overthrow the authority of Caesar in this his province of Judæa. (Signed) GESSIUS FLORUS, Procurator."

Benoni having read sank back upon his couch, gasping, his white face livid with surprise and fear. Then a thought seemed to strike him. Seizing the paper he tore it into fragments.

"Now, Roman," he said, "where is your warrant?"

"In my pocket," answered Marcus; "that which I showed you was but a copy. Nay, do not ring, do not touch that bell. See this," and he drew a silver whistle from his robe. "Outside your gate stand fifty soldiers. Shall I sound it?"

"Not so," answered Benoni. "I will swear the oath, though indeed it is needless. Why should you suppose that I could wish to force this maid into any marriage, or to work her evil on account of matters of her faith?"

"Because you are a Jew and a bigot. You gave her father and her mother to a cruel death, why should you spare her? Also you hate me and all my people; why, then, should you not favour my rival, although he is a murderer whose life I have twice spared at the prayer of Miriam? Swear now."

So Benoni lifted his hand and swore a solemn oath that he would not force his granddaughter, Miriam, to marry Caleb, or any other man; and that he would not betray the secret of her faith, or persecute her because of it.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN NICHOLSON, O.B.
From a painting by J. R. Dicksee, in possession of the Rev. Canon Seymour. Reproduced from Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India," by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

"It is not enough," said Marcus. "Write it down and sign."

So Benoni went to the table and wrote out his undertaking and signed it, Marcus signing also as a witness.

"Now, Benoni," he said, as he took the paper, "listen to me. That warrant leaves your taking to my discretion, after I have made search into the facts. I have made such search, and it seems that I am not satisfied. But remember that the warrant is still alive and can be executed at any moment. Remember also that you are

watched and that if you lift a finger against the girl, it will be put in force. For the rest—if you desire that the prophecy of the Essene should not come true, it is my advice that you cease from making plots against the majesty of Caesar. Now bid your servant summon him who waits in the ante-chamber, that he may discharge my debt. And so farewell. When and where we shall meet again I do not know, but be sure we shall meet." Then Marcus left the portico.

Benoni watched him go, and an evil look gathered on his face.

"Threatened. Trodden to the dirt. Outwitted by that Roman boy," he murmured. "Is there any cup of shame left for me to drink? Who is the traitor and how much does he know? Something, but not all, else my arrest could scarcely have been left to the fancy of this soldier, favourite though he be. Yes, my lord Marcus, I too am sure that we shall meet again, but the fashion of that meeting may be little to your taste. You have had your hour, mine is to come. For the rest, I must keep my oath, since to break it would be too dangerous, and might cut the hair that holds the sword. Also, why should I wish to harm the girl, or to wed her to this rogue Caleb, than whom, mayhap, even the Roman would be better? At least, he is a man who does not cheat or lie. Indeed, I long to see the maid. I will go at once to Jordan."

Then he sounded his bell and commanded that the servant of the Lord Marcus should be admitted.

(To be continued)

Brigadier-General John Nicholson

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot, approved and sanctioned by the Viceroy of India, to erect in Delhi a monument to that splendid soldier, Brigadier-General John Nicholson, who was mortally wounded in the final assault on the city in September, 1857. It is a matter of reproach that, with the exception of a simple tombstone over his grave and a tablet affixed to the city wall at the spot where he fell, there is in Delhi no monument to the man whose voice, spirit, and leading won Delhi from the rebels in the time of the Mutiny, and this in spite of the fact that General Wilson, who was ill at the time, was disposed to abandon the attempt to take the place. Nicholson was only thirty-four years of age when he was killed. Lord Roberts was, early in his career, staff-officer to Nicholson, and had opportunities of closely observing his splendid soldierly qualities. "Nicholson," he writes, "impressed me more than any man I had ever met before or have ever met since. . . . He was the beau ideal of a soldier and a gentleman." Subscriptions may be paid to Messrs. H. S. King and Co., 45, Pall Mall, to the credit of the Nicholson Fund.



DRAWN BY GEORGES REDON

FROM A SKETCH BY E. C. MOUNTFORD

Coventry upheld its reputation for love of pageantry by reviving the historic Lady Godiva procession upon an elaborate scale as part of the celebration of the King's Coronation. The procession, in which Lady Godiva was personated by a London actress, was a mile in length.

THE CORONATION CELEBRATIONS AT COVENTRY: LADY GODIVA IN THE PROCESSION

The Court

THE King's health continues most satisfactory. His Majesty bore the strain and excitement of the Coronation admirably, so that his doctors issued their final bulletin on Sunday. Indeed, King Edward has quite taken up his usual work again, and his daily programme during his stay at Buckingham Palace proved that he was no longer an invalid. He rested quietly on the Coronation evening, no visitors being entertained at dinner, but next morning the King was at the Chapel Royal to attend a special Thanksgiving Service. The Queen, Princess Victoria, Prince and Princess Charles, the Danish Crown Prince and Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, were with His Majesty for the Service, which consisted of shortened Matins, with special prayers and hymns. A similar Thanksgiving Service took place at Marlborough Chapel, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their boys, together with other Royalties. After Service the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their family and the Grand Duke Michael and his wife, lunched with the King and Queen, while in the evening their Majesties gave a large dinner-party to all the members of the Royal House now in town and the foreign Royalties staying for the Coronation. Monday was devoted to State business, the most important item being the transfer of the seals of office from the out-going to the in-coming Ministers in Mr. Balfour's Cabinet. First, the retiring Ministers had audience to hand over their seals, then the King held a Privy Council, when the fresh members were sworn in, and finally the King handed the seals to the new Ministers, Mr. Balfour taking the Oath as Lord Privy Seal, and King Edward declaring the Earl of Dudley Lieut.-General and General Governor of Ireland. An Investiture of the Royal Victorian Order followed, His Majesty decorating over fifty gentlemen. The next step was King Edward's reception of the Coronation Gift of 115,000*l.* subscribed by all classes, and including 20,000 donations of pence from working people. The gift is to be devoted to the Hospitals. Brought by the Lord Mayor, Viscount Duncannon, and Sir Savile Crossley, the money was handed to His Majesty by the Prince of Wales, now President of King Edward's Hospital Fund. Nor were the Coronation honours ended even there, for the King and Queen received the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom King Edward presented the Royal Victorian Chain. With the reception of two more Indian Princes—the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Kohlapur, the King's work was done, but the day wound up with another big family dinner-party. Tuesday and Wednesday brought the promised review of the Indian and Colonial troops who had come over for the Coronation. The Colonials passed before their King on



One of the most conspicuous illuminations was the crown and searchlight on the campanile of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which by reason of its great height seemed to dominate everything near by. The campanile is to be called St. Edward's Tower in future.

THE CAMPANILE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL ON THE NIGHT OF CORONATION DAY

Tuesday and the Indians on Wednesday, the programme being the same on both occasions. A host of military notabilities present, while the Duke of Connaught was in command. In these important duties the King has been finding good-ly Coronation guests and bestowing honours in all directions. Majesty received Ras Makonnen and gave him the Order of Michael and St. George, while the Premier of Uganda, who had audience, presented His Majesty with various gifts, including some fine ivory tusks.

The King and Queen, with their family, were to leave Thursday for Portsmouth, to join the *Victoria and Albert*, which took up her usual moorings off Cowes. His Majesty's message to the nation proved his appreciation of his people's loyalty, and he has since expressed his warm thanks to the troops, the police, and all concerned in the ceremonial of the Coronation. His Majesty found a very different scene on his return to the waters round Portsmouth. The yachts had receded into the background, and battleships came to the fore, and although the former contingent of foreign warships will be absent from the review, there will be a fine display of our naval strength. The King and Queen in their yacht will pull down the lines to see the fleet to full advantage, and their Majesties will also witness the illuminations at night. On Monday King Edward takes formal leave of his navy, for the Royal yacht will anchor off St. Helens to see the fleet's departure. His Majesty remains off Cowes till the 21st, for the Shah of Persia comes down on the 20th to see the King and Queen on board their yacht. His reception over, King Edward is free to take his real holiday, and His Majesty will then start on his coasting cruise, which is to last about a month. The Queen accompanies her husband.

Royalty is fast flitting from London. The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone down with their children to the Isle of Wight, where the Princess will spend most of the autumn, whilst the Prince goes country-house visiting and has some shooting in Scotland. Princess Louise will be at Kent House, and Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her children, at Osborne Cottage, though both may pay brief visits to the Continent during the autumn. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have gone back to Ireland.

London has still to entertain one important Imperial guest—the Shah of Persia being expected to-morrow (Sunday). Muzaffer-ed-din is to be received as a State guest and quartered at Marlborough House. He arrives at Dover this evening, and on Monday will travel to London, where he will be formally welcomed by the Prince of Wales, who next day entertains him at a State luncheon at Buckingham Palace, on the King's behalf.



CORONATION DAY: THE HEADQUARTER STAFF PASSING UNDER THE CANADIAN ARCH ON THE RETURN FROM THE ABBEY

From a Photograph by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street



Lord Roberts and Kitchener were last week the guests of the City of London Corporation at the Guildhall, where they were received by the Lord Mayor, Lord Roberts, in reply, after expressing his lively sense of the honour done him, paid a tribute to the ability of the officers and the intelligence, courage, and discipline of the rank and file who had served under him, to whose services he was largely indebted for any successes he had achieved. Lord Kitchener also responded, and, after referring to the unique services of the Commander-in-Chief, said he felt that all the honours conferred upon himself were a fine appreciation of the Army in South Africa, which as a fighting machine would be hard to beat.

THE RECEPTION OF LORD ROBERTS AND LORD KITCHENER BY THE CITY CORPORATION AT THE GUILDHALL

DRAWN BY F. DE HANSEN

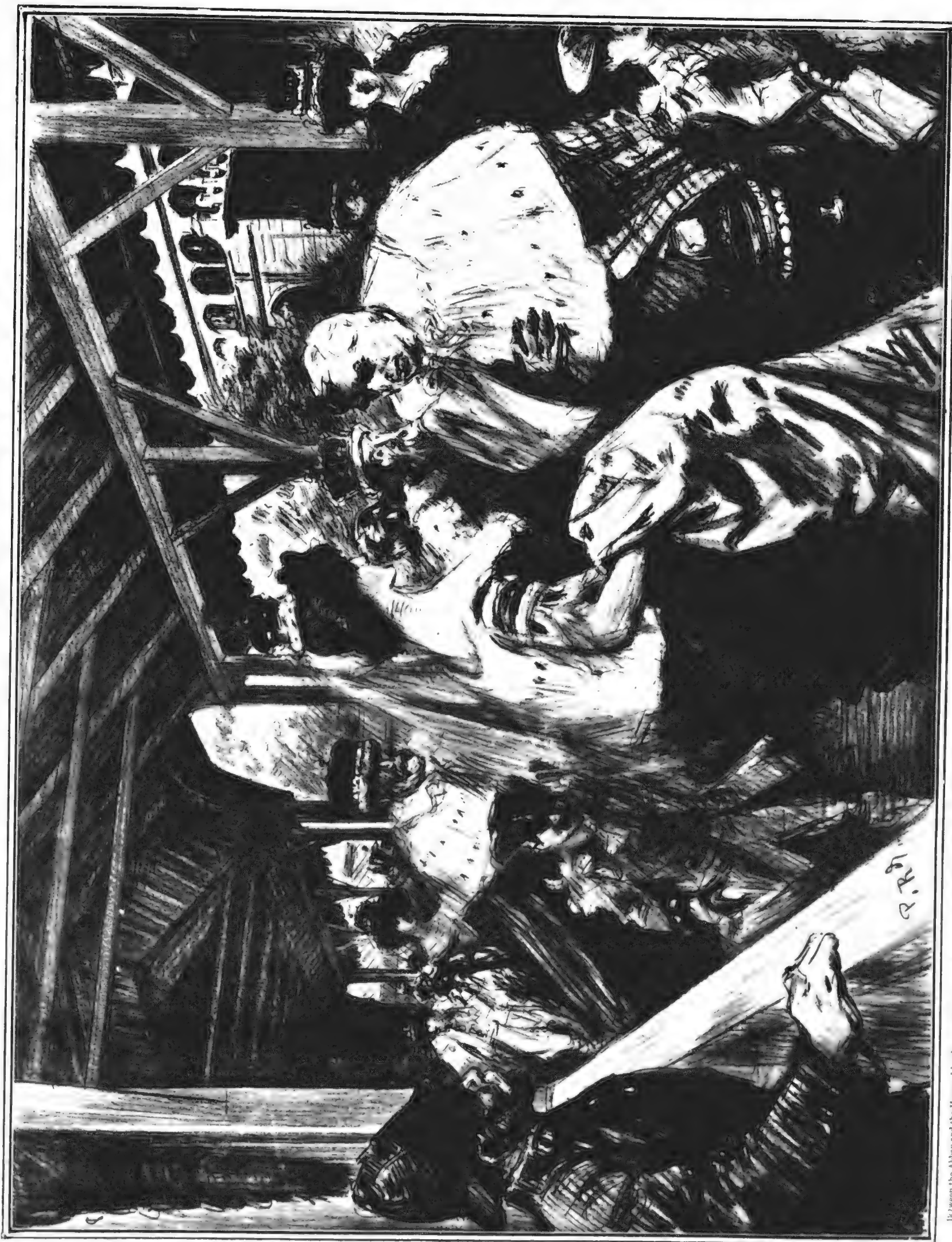


The Queen went to Devonshire House on Monday afternoon to honour the members of the staffs of the Imperial Yeomanry Hospitals by personally presenting to each the South African medal. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Sparta, and among others present were Princess Victoria, Prince Charles of Denmark, and Princess Christian. There was a large number of men, some in frock coats, others in more humble civilian attire, policemen, firemen, and men in khaki.

The total staff numbered between 600 and 700, but of this total only about thirty doctors, twenty-five nurses, ten ward maids, and 250 men were able to attend to receive their medals. Her Majesty, who was in a beautiful costume of heliotrope, stood under a canopy of blue and yellow silk as she presented the medals to the men. She was loudly cheered on leaving after the conclusion of the ceremony.

THE QUEEN AND THE IMPERIAL YEOMANRY HOSPITALS: PRESENTATION OF MEDALS AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE

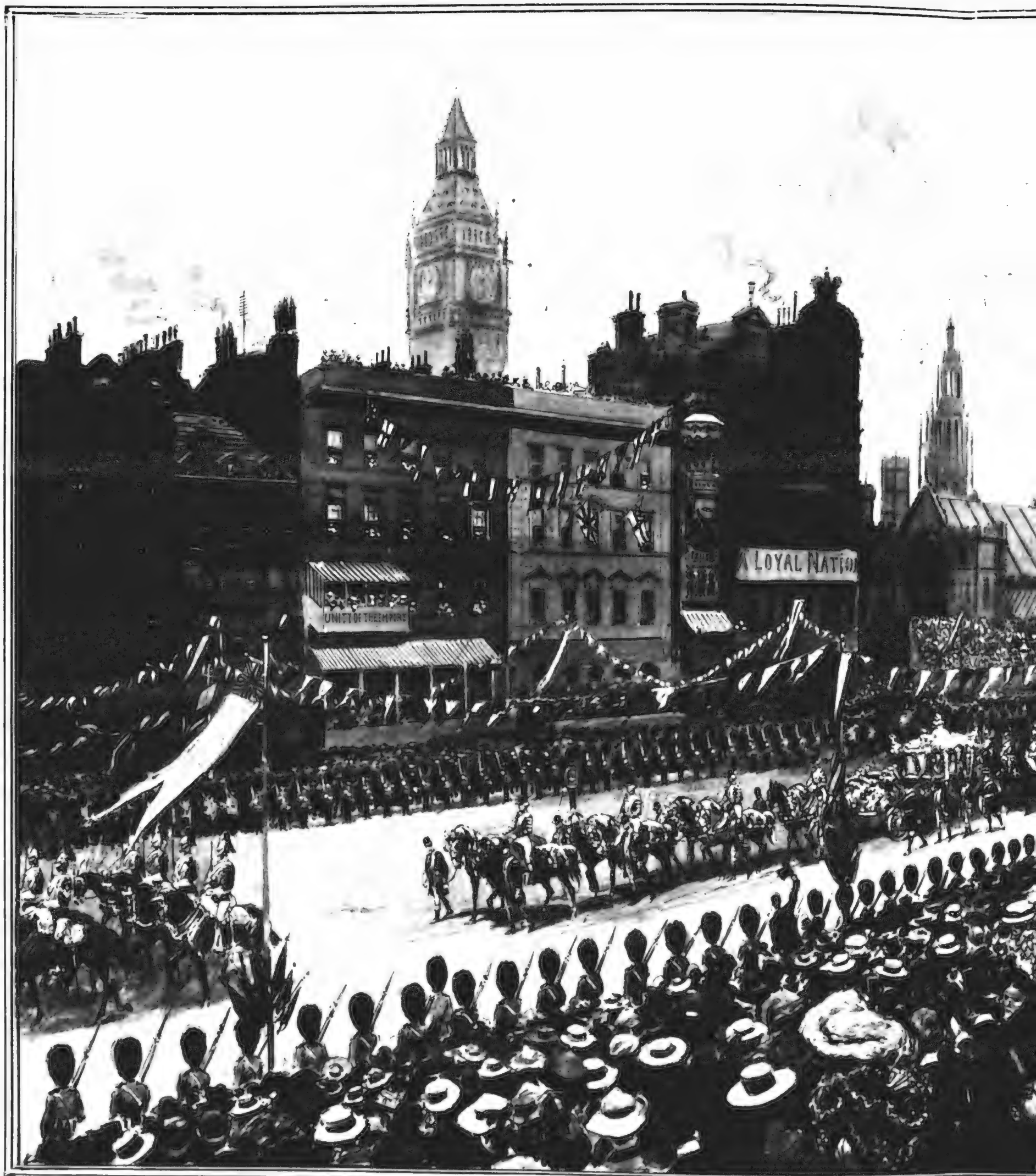
DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.



Between the Abbey and the House of Lords a temporary covered passage was erected. At the conclusion of the Coronation Service, Peers and Peersesses passed down this covered way to the Royal Gallery for luncheon. The scene was very picturesque and the more interesting for its rarity.

PEERS AND PEERESSES GOING TO LUNCHEON AFTER THE CORONATION CEREMONY

DRAWN BY P. RENOUCARD



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CORONATION PROCESSION PASSING

DRAWN BY GEORGES



ON PASSING DOWN PARLIAMENT STREET AFTER THE CEREMONY

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT

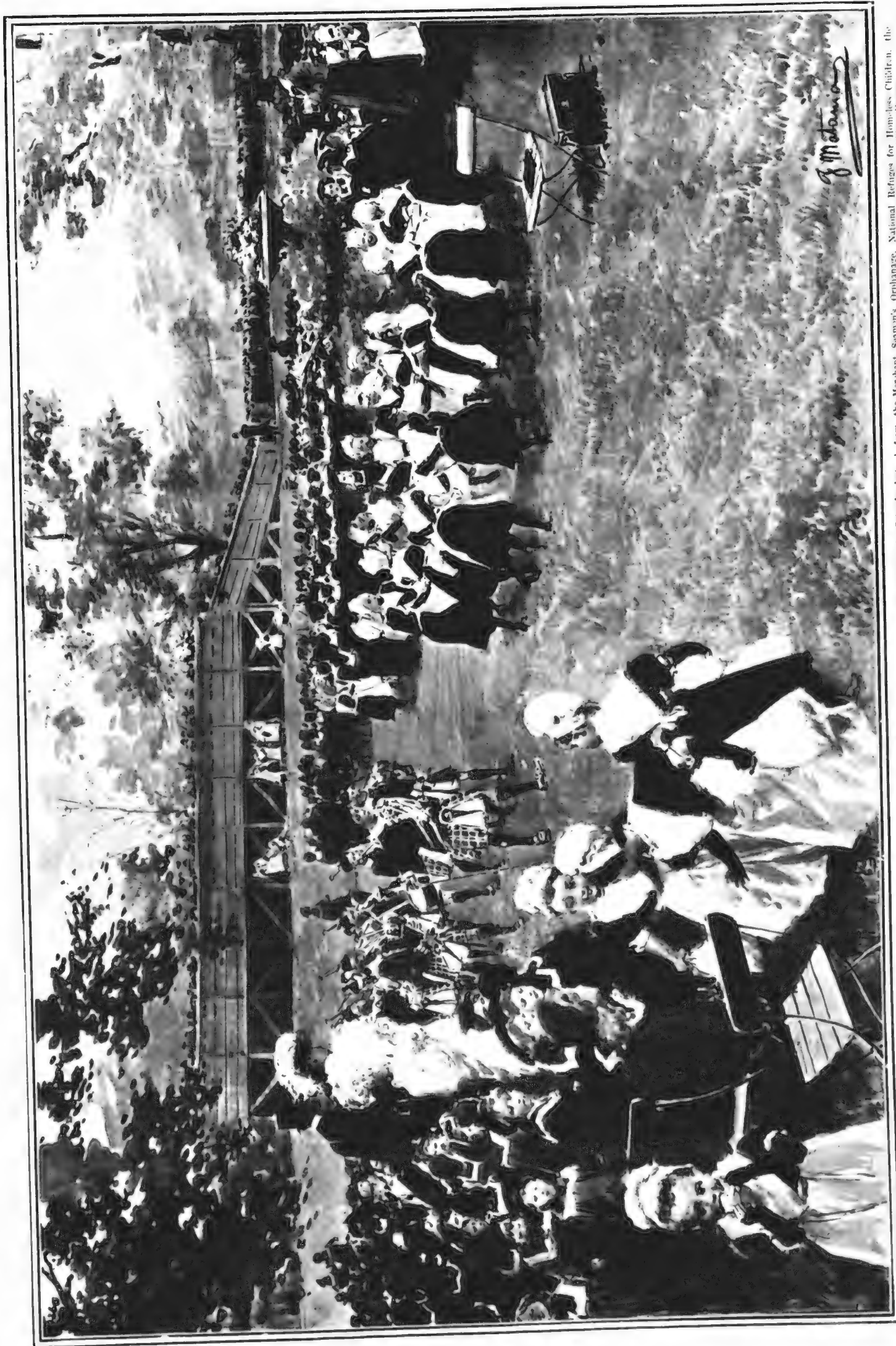


After the ceremony in the Abbey, the Peers and Peeresses proceeded to the Royal Gallery and Peers' Dining-Room of the House of Lords, where an informal luncheon was provided. The scene was most striking

Between five and six hundred Peers and Peeresses assembled, and for a couple of hours there was a constantly changing vision of grandeur and brightness

PEERS AND PEERESSES AT LUNCHEON ON CORONATION DAY IN THE ROYAL GALLERY, HOUSE OF LORDS

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



The Prince and Princess of Wales, in June, extended an invitation to the children of certain orphanage-homes to view the Coronation procession of the 26th and 27th of the month | from Marlborough House | The Prince and Princess repeated the invitation for Saturday last, | from the Merchant Seamen's Orphanage, National Refuge for Homeless Children, the Caledonian Asylum, the Foundling Hospital, and the Princess Mary Village Homes

CORONATION GUESTS OF PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE : PASSING THE TIME WHILE WAITING TO SEE THE PROCESSION

DRAWN BY P. MATASIA





CORONATION DAY: THE SCENE IN PARLIAMENT SQUARE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

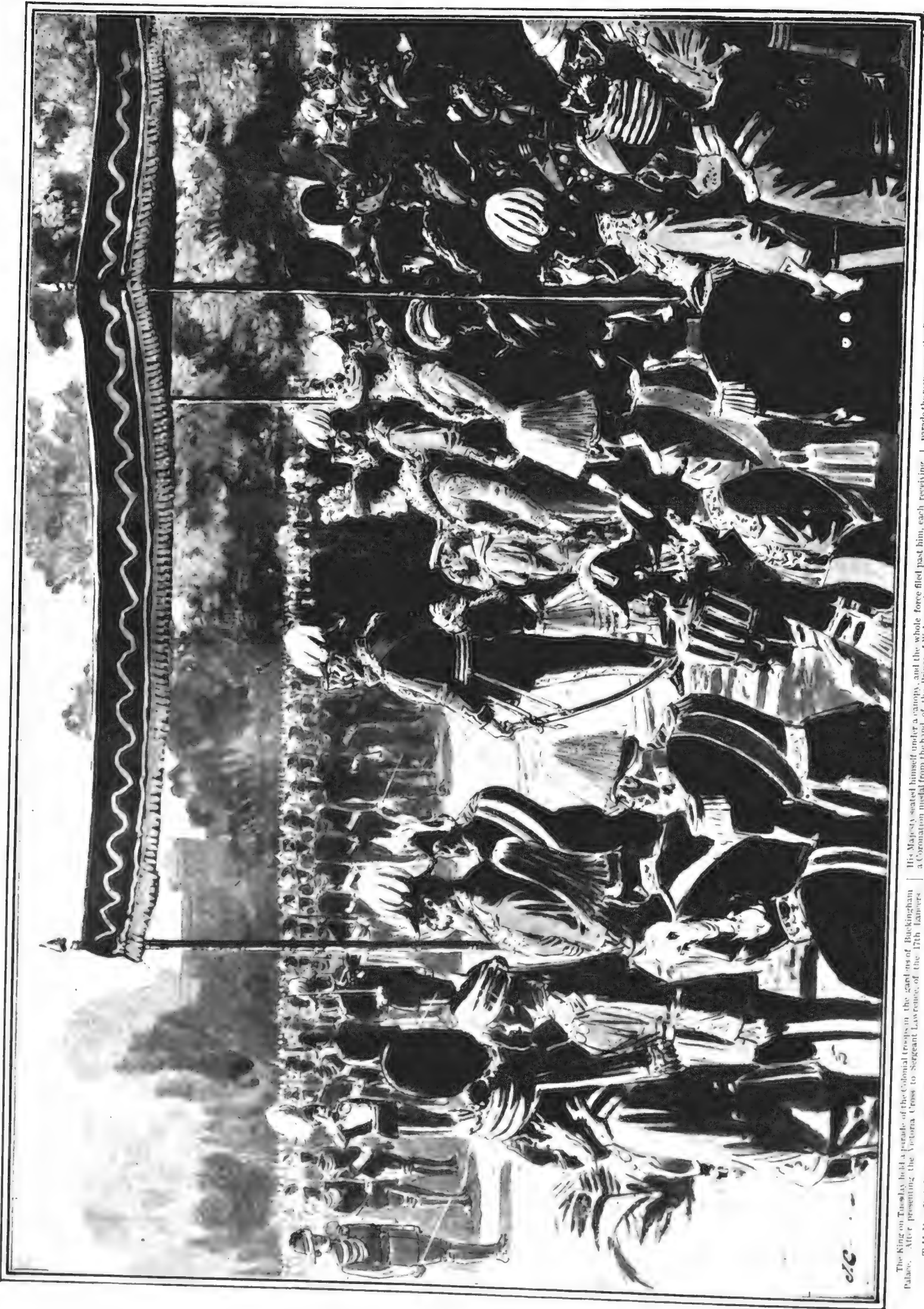
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



The Queen being thus anointed and crowned, and having received all her ornaments, ariseth and goeth from the Altar, supported by her two Bishops, and so up to the Theatre. And as she passeth by the King on his Throne, she boweth herself reverently to his Majesty, and then is conducted to her own Throne, and without any further ceremony taketh her place in it.

AFTER THE QUEEN'S CORONATION: HER MAJESTY BOWING TO THE KING

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



The King on Tuesday held a parade of the Colonial troops in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. After presenting the Victoria Cross to Sergeant Lawrence, of the 17th Lancers — His Majesty seated himself under a canopy, and the whole force filed past him, each receiving a Coronation medal from the hand of the Prince of Wales as he passed. At the close of the parade the men gave the Royal salute, and the King addressed them. Our illustration shows the King on his appearance on the lawn returning the men's salute

THE PARADE OF THE COLONIAL TROOPS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE BY THE KING: HIS MAJESTY RETURNING THE SALUTE

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

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THE LATE MAJOR C. H. PAYNE



THE LATE M. TISSOT
French Artist

Our Portraits

MR. ALEXANDER MICHIE, whose name is so well known in connection with Far Eastern affairs, was born in 1833 at Earlferry, Fifeshire. Mr. Michie received a commercial training in Scotland, and in his twentieth year went out to join the important China firm of Lindsay and Co., at Hong Kong. He became a partner in the firm and its representative at Shanghai, and one of the leading spirits of that enterprising British community. In the stirring days of the Tai-ping rebellion he rendered important services to the British Admiral, Sir James Hope. In 1863 he travelled home through Siberia, then an almost unexplored region, and his account of this remarkable journey, "The Siberian Route from Peking to Petersburg through the Deserts and Steppes of Mongolia, Tartary, &c.," published by John Murray in 1864, attracted much attention. Returning to Shanghai for a time, Mr. Michie subsequently took up his residence in London, but again returned to China in 1883 and settled at Tientsin. Mr. Michie retired permanently from China in 1895, though he paid another short visit to the Far East in 1901.

M. JAMES TISSOT, the famous French artist, whose characteristics are dealt with by Mr. Spielmann in his "Artistic Causerie," was sixty-six years of age at the time of his death. In his early life he lived some time in London, and was at one period a pupil of Sir Seymour Haden, the distinguished etcher. For THE GRAPHIC he painted one of the "Types of Beauty," which formed such a popular series, embodying as they did the conceptions of many of the most famous artists of the day. Our portrait is from one kindly lent by

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., the publishers of the English Edition of Tissot's "Life of Christ."

General Lukas Meyer, who has died at Brussels of heart disease, of which he had had several attacks during the war, was Assistant Commandant-General of the forces of the Transvaal during the recent war. He visited this country a fortnight ago, and made a very favourable impression on all who met him. He was entertained by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Kitchener, and the King invited him to the Coronation.

Miss Rosamund Davenport-Hill, who has just died in her seventy-eighth year, sat on the London School Board for eighteen years as one of the representatives of the City. For twelve years she was chairman of the sub-committee which dealt with cookery and sewing instruction, and many of the regulations now in force with regard to the teaching of these subjects, not only in London, but throughout the country, are due to her initiative. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Major Charles Herbert Payne, of the Gordon Highlanders, who has just died in his forty-fifth year, entered the Army in 1876, and served through the Egyptian Expedition of 1882-1884, being present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He was mentioned in despatches, and received the medal, three clasps, the bronze star, and the order of the Medjidie. Major Payne accompanied Sir Herbert Stewart in his expedition for the relief of General Gordon. His services were again mentioned in despatches, and at the age of twenty-seven he was promoted to the rank of brevet-major.

NEXT WEEK

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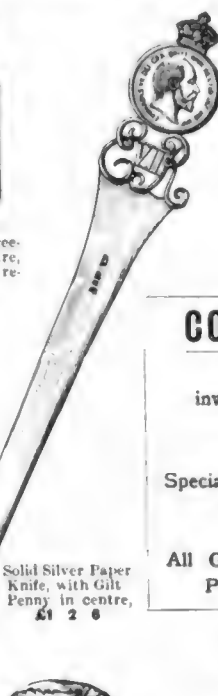
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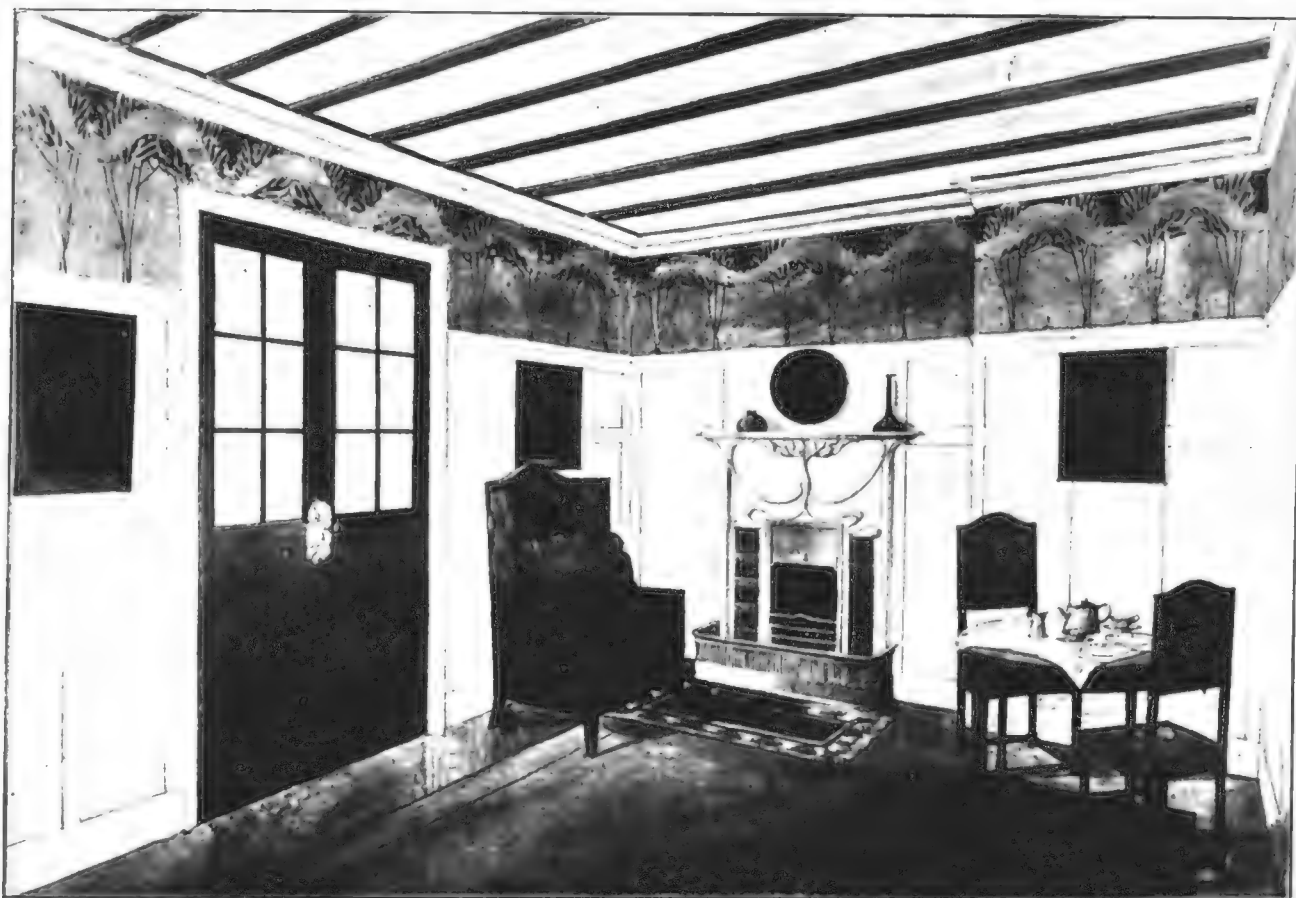
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An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THE hand of Death has fallen heavy on the artist community. Antokolsky, the Russian Jew, who was the greatest sculptor his country had ever produced—the Russians call him “the greatest sculptor of our age”—and who was rejected by the Imperial Academy on account of his race until the Emperor Alexander II. ordered his admission, received the honour of a national funeral. His “Ivan the Terrible,” “Mephistopheles,” and “The Death of Socrates,” are among the most widely applauded of modern works. Mesdag, the great Dutch painter of the seaboard and of the life of sailors and fishermen, was a successful banker until he threw up business in order to paint; and he is one of the few who have achieved the highest reputation after having taken to art comparatively late in life, like Corot, Verheyden, and M. Renouard. And so he became the pictorial historian, as it were, of the life of the North Sea, painting it and the skies above it with broad generalisation and rare sympathy and intelligence, and oppressing us with the tyranny of the waters over the poor fisher folk, who eke out a precarious livelihood on their treacherous bosom.

Vibert, on the other hand, was a master of satire and characterisation. Who does not remember the humorist's “Committee on Improper Books,” in which the monks who burn them, read them first—and of a half a dozen others as amusing? For those who like anecdote in their painting, Vibert is a loss indeed. Louis Deschamps, a man of genuine sentiment, was an excellent subject-painter, singularly sympathetic in his manner of presentation, and Louis Mayer was the German painter of religious subjects, such as “Christ in the House of Lazarus” and “Jerusalem After the Death of Christ.” All these men were of real importance in their several circles; but none, perhaps, was so much to the English public as James Tissot.

Tissot was an extraordinary man. I can just remember him when he came over in 1870, during the war, or perhaps the Commune, and he was the gayest of the gay, as only a young French artist can be; and he painted “Life” and pretty women on the Thames, and shipping at Greenwich and the like. I next saw him in 1894 when his art had become purified by what he called a miracle. He, the scollar at religion (so he said), had entered a church to make a sketch of a pretty woman, when, while he was drawing, the procession of the Host came round. He looked up at it, the memory of the past, of his mother's knee, flooded his mind—he knelt, and was converted. Then, in order to expiate a frivolous past, he set himself the task of illustrating the Life of Christ, and in order to do it thoroughly and with realism, he went to Jerusalem and, in the end, did the whole colossal work twice over. When



The ex-President of the Transvaal is here shown surrounded by the Pro-Boer Committee of The Hague at the Pro-Boer Exhibition at Scheveningen.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. KRUGER

he returned he valued the copyright of the work at 30,000*l.*—ten thousand each for the right of reproduction in book form, for exhibition, and for lantern slides. He took less ultimately—very much less. So powerfully did his works impress spectators, he told me, that when they were exhibited many of the devout went round on their knees and some of them fainted. Tissot became a spiritualist and ultimately a mystic, and his house, off the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, was a meeting-place of the fashionable elect. For Tissot remained a man of fashion to the end.

Assuming that the known bequest by Lord Chylesmere to the British Museum will be upheld by the Court, we may

expect that the print-room will be increased by some 30,000 to 40,000 engravings of the finest period and of the finest states. The money value is prodigious; but the real value will be that the number of plates that will be duplicated in the Museum, will enable the authorities to send on loan to the provincial museums collections far finer, and more numerous, than have ever yet been available. Moreover, the great addition to the central collection will be so large that a sum by no means insignificant is expected to be released for other purposes. From this vast collection, which, relative to its quality, was probably the greatest of England, a number of the finest were lent during the Paris Exhibition to decorate the Corridor of the British Pavilion.

The Colonial Review

WITH characteristic good nature the King decided to review the Colonial and Indian troops, before taking the complete rest that is necessary for his perfect restoration to health. The Colonial troops were reviewed on Tuesday afternoon in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, with the exception of the Canadians, who went home at the beginning of July. All the Colonial contingents, who have been accommodated in the camp at Alexandra Palace, were present. To these were added the Colonial troops who came from South Africa in the *Barbaria*, to represent their comrades of the overseas forces of the Empire who fought in the Boer War. The numbers, therefore, approximated to the original strength of the Colonial troops before the Canadians left.

The Colonial Contingents were as follows:

The Canadians, who left before the review, were divided into equal bodies of mounted and unmounted men, all of whom were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pelat. The mounted section included a battery of field artillery. The Australian contingent included detachments of Royal Australian Artillery, New South Wales Mounted Infantry, Victoria Mounted Rifles, Queensland Mounted Rifles, Australian Medical Corps, and detachments representing Tasmania, South Australia and West Australia. New Zealand, which did such splendid service for the Mother Country in the late war, sent a splendid contingent of war-hardened New Zealand Mounted Infantry. The Cape Colony contingent contained representatives of Cape Mounted Rifles, Cape Mounted Police, Diamond Fields Horse, Kimberley Regiment, Diamond Fields Artillery, Cape Artillery, Roberts's Horse, Kitchener's Horse, Brabant's Horse, Cape Highlanders, and other corps—all clad in khaki except the Highlanders. These troops have seen service and made a very fine appearance. So, too, did the contingent from Natal, the Natal Carabineers, Bethune's Mounted Infantry, and other corps which had seen hard work in South Africa. The West Indian contingent were easily discernible from their picturesque Zouave uniform, and were much admired, and so were the West African, Equatorial and Uganda contingents—excellent examples of black fighting men. Another distinctive type was the detachment of the Wei-hai-Wei Regiment. But perhaps the contingent which excited the greatest curiosity was that from Fiji. Their clothing is not very extensive, as it consists only of a loin cloth—called by the Fijians “sulu”—and a blue jacket. Boots and head-dresses they have none. Their hair is their chief beauty. It stands up firm and strong, like a Tusky, and is bright golden.

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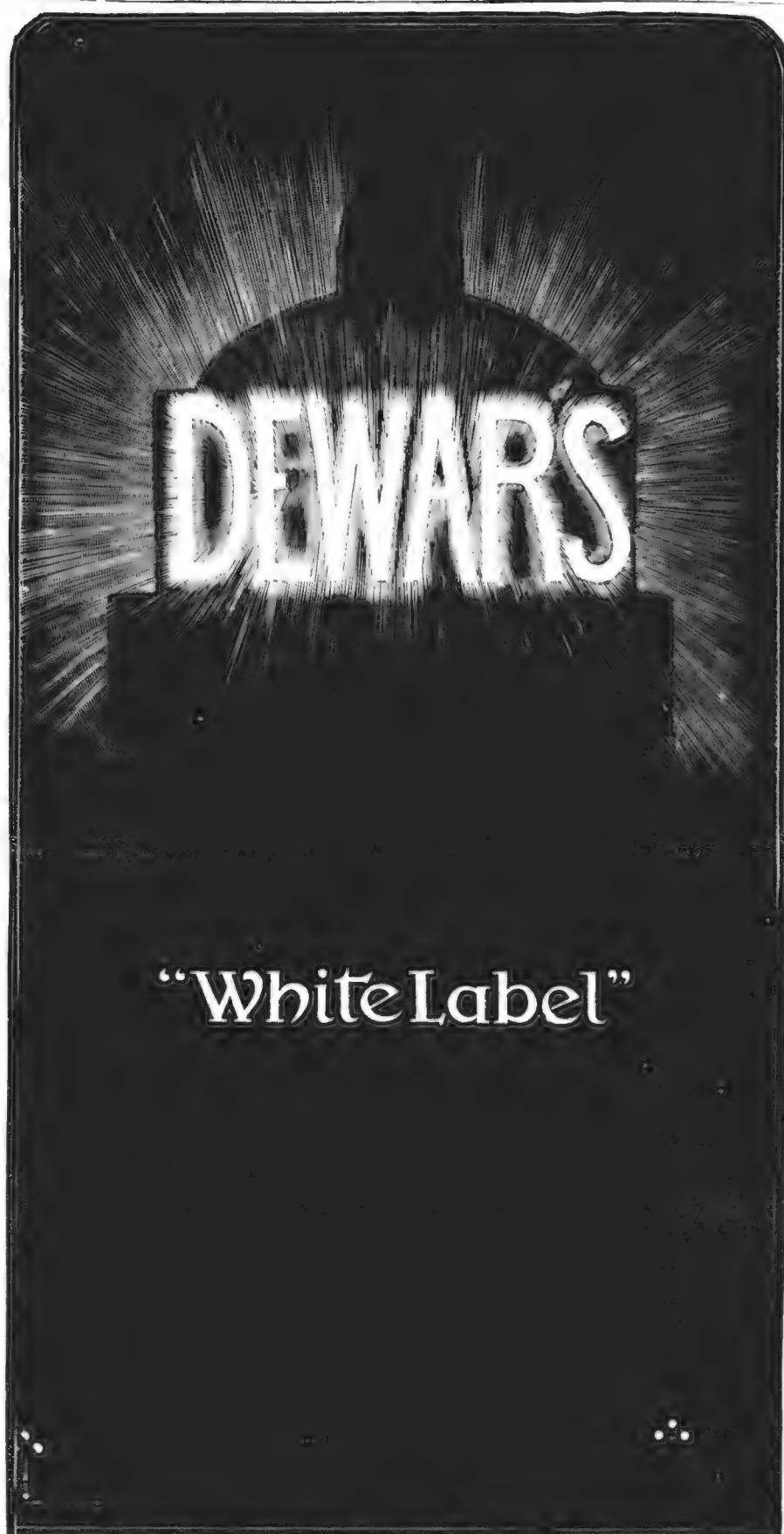
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"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WE who in these matter-of-fact days have almost forgotten the meaning of symbolism and pageantry, had their beauty brought home to us vividly on Saturday last. Scarcely a soul in the Abbey that was not visibly affected, from the Archbishop downwards, at the splendid and impressive fourteenth century Service, composed by Benedictine monks, the sweetness and exquisite rendering of Purcell's music, the mediæval magnificence of the scene centred in the two imposing figures of the King and Queen. The eye was caught by a veritable feast of colour, and the dresses were replete with historical memories and old-world costliness. Such a picture has never been beheld in this generation, and with its wealth of moral majesty and religious significance, will surely never be forgotten. The Queen's crowning possessed singularly graceful features. First, the radiant and dignified figure of the Queen, arrayed in shimmering golden garments, proceeding to the altar, where four beautiful Duchesses held a canopy of cloth of gold over her head, then the setting of the crown upon her brow, and the simultaneous placing of their coronets on the Peeresses' heads. All this and the stately procession, when the Duchess of Buccleuch held Her Majesty's train, while her own coronet was carried by her page, was specially interesting to the ladies, who eagerly leaned from their seats to note the spectacle. The pages of the King and Queen, in their uniforms of scarlet and gold, with ruffled lace cravats, no doubt gave suggestions for future brides' pages.

On such an occasion gorgeousness is appropriate, and though the dresses of the Peeresses were made according to a given design, naturally affording slight scope for individual taste, nevertheless, some little variety was introduced. The Princesses of the Blood Royal wore specially beautiful robes; the Queen's Indian embroidered dress seemed fairy-like in texture, and the splendid heraldic design on her mantle was truly regal. The Princess of Wales wore a stately dress of white satin embroidered in gold, and a train of purple velvet of a different shade to that of the Queen. The other Princesses were apparently allowed some licence in colour, and pale pink and pale blue were worn. The four Duchesses who held the canopy were also attired somewhat differently—the Duchess of Portland in an old picture dress, the Duchess of Sutherland in white satin draped with lace, the Duchess of Marlborough with a finely embroidered petticoat, and the Duchess of Montrose with a soft chiffon dress embroidered in gold.

All ages were present, from the little children of the Prince of Wales, Baroness Clifton, aged three, and Viscount Bolingbroke, aged six, to the oldest Peeresses of the Realm, and the display of jewels and magnificent diamond crowns was something remarkable. The Marchioness of Ormonde wore her grandmother's (the Duchess of Sutherland) robes, which had also done duty at Queen Victoria's Coronation, who was pleased to call the Duchess her friend; the Duchess of Sutherland's lace was embroidered with the family crest in gold; the Duchess of Roxburghe's robes were those worn by her predecessor at the late Queen's Coronation. But, as a rule, all the robes were new and some of them especially magnificent. The Duchess of Buccleuch, who

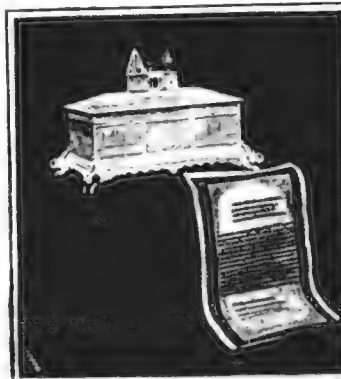
was much in evidence in her part of Mistress of the Robes, had her train bordered all round the ermine with wide gold lace and suspended by gold cords and gold tassels. The Duchess of Buckingham had a petticoat of gold gauze trimmed with fine Buckingham lace, with which the badges and coronet were embroidered. Some of the finest family jewels were worn, as well as ornaments of great value by many of the spectators who were not Peeresses.

I am glad to see that Manchester is making an attempt to teach its schoolgirls how to be worthy mothers of men—in plain English how to feed the baby. Such a homely task might be supposed to come by instinct, yet stern experience among the working classes proves that of diet, cleanliness, and the care of children the mothers of England are still lamentably ignorant. "What have you given the baby?" asked a doctor once when consulted about a sick child. "Indeed, sir," said the mother apologetically, "it has been well fed, it has everything we have"—including beer, I suppose, for I saw this summer a young mother and her friend administering beer out of a bottle to the year-old baby. So the lessons on the care of children given by the Manchester Board School will, we may hope, lead to excellent results. At present ninety-eight per cent. of children cripples are crippled from rickets, a disease brought about by bad feeding and lack of attention.

One of the most novel features of the Coronation was the number of motors in which people came to and from the Abbey. The motor has distinctly taken its place as the ordinary vehicle of the society lady.

A Coronation Address

THE Maharajah of Benares has presented to the King a Coronation Address enclosed in a handsome ivory casket. The Address is written in Sanskrit, on Indian paper, such as is used in preparation of Sanskrit manuscripts, with native ink, and illuminated by one of the Raj painters with Indian colour and design. The "Kharita" or bag of the Address is of Benares manufacture—the casket is made of white ivory obtained from His Highness's own elephants, and made by an artist born and bred in his domains and trained in his service. It shows on the panels the British and His Highness's coat-of-arms, the Fort Ramnagar (His Highness's residence on the Ganges), and the principal ghats of Benares in relief; the whole being surmounted by a model in gold of the famous Golden Temple of Vishwanath, the presiding deity of the "Sacred City."



Our Bookshelf

"WITH THE NAVAL BRIGADE IN NATAL."

IN one important respect Lieut. Burne's book differs considerably from the majority of the more recent volumes on the war in that, whilst others have little that is new to tell and use many words to tell it, he, on the other hand, has much of interest to relate, and relates it in a few, well-chosen words, as becomes a man of action and experience in martial matters. On December 6, 1899, a battery of eight Naval guns was ordered to the front to reinforce Sir Redvers Buller. Lieut. Ogilvy, of the *Terrible*, was appointed command, and Lieut. Melville of the *Forde*, Deas of the *Philomel*, and the writer were ordered to accompany it. The guns were hurried up, and on the 12th they arrived at Chieveley and got into position the next morning on a small kopje, afterwards called "Gun Hill" from whence they commenced shelling the enemy at a range of 9,500 yards. Even in the first engagement, he says, "the shooting of the 4.7's, with their telescopic sights and easy ranging, was beautiful; shell after shell, many of them lyddite, burst in the Boer trenches, and we soon saw streams of Boer wagons trekking up the valley beyond, while at the same time one of the Boer camps, 10,000 yards off, was completely demolished." Lieutenant Burne gives a most realistic account of the disastrous battle of Colenso:—

All was dead silence (he writes) till about 5.30 a.m., when the Naval guns commenced a heavy shell fire on the Boer positions. It was a fine sight; shell after shell poured in for an hour on the Boer trenches, at a range of 5,000 yards, and all was soon one mass of smoke and flame. Not a sound came in reply till our troops reached the river bank, when the most terrific rifle fire I have ever heard of, or thought of, in my life, was opened from the Boer rifle pits and trenches in the river bank, which had completely entrapped our men.

After mentioning the many gallant actions done on that day, and also the failure of the British attack, he concludes with:—

And I am persuaded that if instead of the insufficient heavy batteries at Colenso we could have had at the front, say, two more batteries of 4.7 guns and two batteries of six in. Q.F., the Colenso disaster might never have happened.

We must, owing to our limited space, pass over the subsequent battles and final relief of Ladysmith, in all of which the Naval batteries played a most valuable part. After visiting the Boer trenches, also the defences at Ladysmith, he came to the conclusion that the retreat of the Boers took place for one reason only—viz., Kruger's fear of being cut off by Lord Roberts at Laing's Nek.

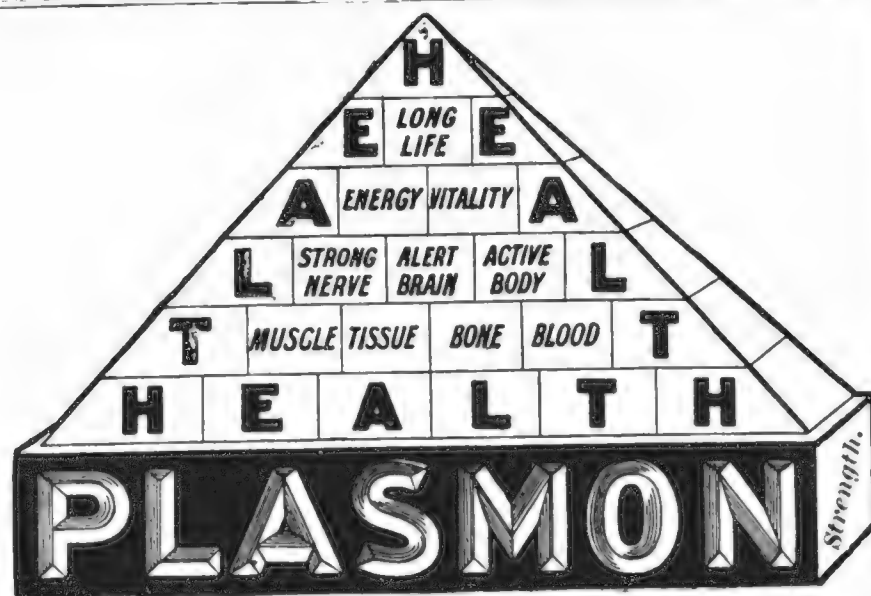
Except (he adds) for this I doubt whether we should ever have moved the Boers out of the Colenso position without 30,000 men; indeed I hear that the German Attaché said it was a wonder, and that his people would not have attempted it under ten times the number.

This book is undoubtedly one not only of great interest to the general reader, but should prove of the greatest value to the authorities who are responsible for the arming, &c., of naval and military forces.

"PICTURESQUE WESTMINSTER"

The City of Westminster is to be congratulated on this publication, so admirably arranged and produced by Mr. Walter Emdin, L.C.C., in honour of the Coronation. It consists of a collection of some sixty pencil sketches, illustrating historic landmarks and places of interest in the ancient city. The dainty, artistic drawings are from the pencil of Mr. Howard Penton, who is as happy in his choice of subjects as he is in their treatment. Besides his illustrations of the

"With the Naval Brigade in Natal." By Lieut. C. R. N. Burne, R.N. (Arnold.)



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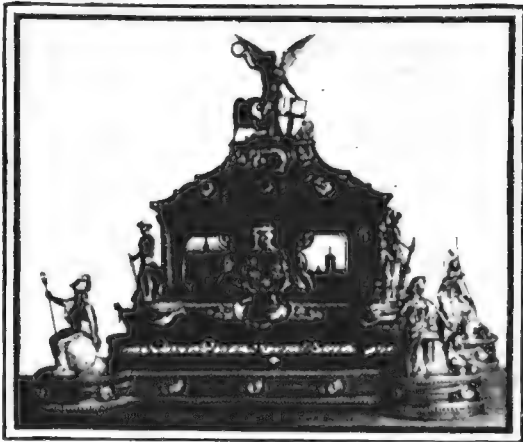
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The casket presented by the Corporation of the City to Lord Roberts is in the form of a temple, with projecting corners having rich scroll supports. Upon these projections stand finely modelled statuettes representing a C.I.V., a colonial trooper, an infantry soldier in South African kit, and a "handy man." The body of the box is divided into panels, four of which have enamel painted views representing the Guildhall, St. Paul's Cathedral, Victoria and Albert Museum. The central figure is Victory, with the laurel wreath. The casket was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., Regent Street.

GOLD CASSET PRESENTED TO LORD ROBERTS

more prominent and grander buildings and monuments, such as the Abbey, the Law Courts, etc., and the principal streets and squares, the artist has turned from the highways to the byways of Westminster to sketch some of the old and historical relics of bygone days, which, we are afraid, are better known to tourists and pilgrims than to natives. Of these we have the Roman Bath off the Strand, the Old Curiosity Shop near Lincoln's Inn, and that masterpiece of architecture, the York Water Gate, now, alas! situated in a hollow that to all appearance is used as a dust-hole. The descriptive letterpress, by Mr. G. P. Warner Terry, F. H. Hist. S., which is printed apart from the sketches, is concise and to the point, and is well worthy of the publication. The entire work will form a most interesting memento of the Coronation for both Londoners and visitors to the metropolis.

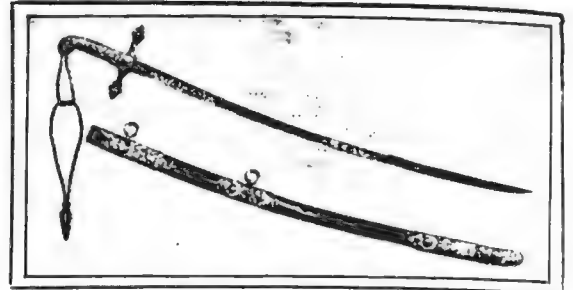
"THE SEA LADY"

Among the most lyrically perfect of the world's poems is Goethe's *Der Fischer*, where the water-spirit's singing fascinates the hearer with a fatally irresistible longing for an unattainable dream. Mr. H. G. Wells has expanded the theme of the four stanzas into a characteristic volume, cleverly vulgarising it into meaning something for those to whom it would otherwise mean nothing. His story of "The Sea Lady: A Tissue of Moonshine" (Methuen and Co.), tells how an actual Mermaid became the paying guest of a commonplace middle-class family at Folkestone, whose members

had to face the question of what was to be done to save appearances in the matter of her tail. This was managed by giving all not in the secret to understand that she was an invalid temporarily deprived of the use of her non-existent limbs. But they reckoned without their guest by exposing to her allurement a young gentleman with Parliamentary prospects, whose earthly fiancée had won his affection but not his fancy. What sets out in farce closes in tragedy. Naturally we learn something, though not much, about submarine society. It seems that those who compose it are by no means so "out of the water" when ashore as would be supposed. They are versed in all our worst literature, and in some of our best, through the constant chucking overboard of cheap books and magazines, our fashion-plates being particularly appreciated. Probably this helps to explain the otherwise puzzling familiarity of Miss Doris Thalassia Waters with the English tongue. We also learn that though Mermen, for obvious reasons, cannot smoke, many of them chew; and that time and tea are alike unknown.

"LOVE WITH HONOUR"

Readers of Mr. Charles Marriott's remarkable novel, "The Column," will certainly not be disappointed by its successor, "Love with Honour" (John Lane). Indeed, it will no doubt considerably extend the circle of its author's admirers, inasmuch as its theme is very much simpler, and makes fewer demands either upon the attention or the imagination. It was not everybody, we have reason to fear, who appreciated the underlying allegory of "The Column," where the heroine incarnated the actual genius of ancient Greece in partly satiric, and finally tragic, distinction from what is called "Greek" in current aesthetic slang. "Love with Honour" is not without satire, but entirely without tragedy. It is very much a chapter of accidents; or, rather, of those seeming accidents which, with more frequency in real life than fiction commonly dares to imitate, bring about the mutual influences of characters and lives. The plot may be shortly described as the irresistible magnetism that may draw two souls together, despite every sort of antagonistic circumstance. Of incidents there are few, in the ordinary sense, though such as there are, are often rather startling—such as a certain kiss that speaks even more for the courage of Mr. Marriott himself than of its hero. Portraiture is the great feature of the novel; this is as varied as it is vivid, and, like all really first-class portraiture, individualises types instead of inventing freaks or fancies. To examine the portraits in detail would take too long; it must suffice to draw special notice to the vulgarly refined Mrs. Arkell and her priggish and paradoxical son, to the Bayard-like "Major Ramrod," to the philosophic craftsman, Joseph Ainger, and to such casual sketches as Boutflower, "the great man of the local musical world"—but it would be easy to make up the list of persons who, more or less, represent the comedy of the story to a round dozen. That the hero so far departs from the conventionalities of fiction as to be a photographer instead of a painter, enables Mr. Marriott to make himself interesting to a great number of readers in an entirely new way. That he has entirely cleared himself from vagueness of reflection and affectations of style we cannot say. But there are fewer of them than in his first work, and his second is decisive in supporting his title to be regarded as among the best of the new men. It will be time enough to consider his limitations when they come into view.



The sword of honour presented to Lord Kitchener by the Corporation of Cape Town has a gold hilt. On the obverse is a finely chased figure representing "Britannia," while on the reverse is that of "Victory." The scabbard, which is of solid silver richly gilt, has two massive gold bands, the upper one having on the front the arms of Cape Town and the arms of Viscount Kitchener, and on the reverse the arms of Cape Colony and the Imperial arms, all enamelled in proper colours. The centre band has replicas in enamel, of the "G.C.B." and "G.C.M.G." decorations on each side, with the English Rose between and surrounded by the lotus and palm. The blade is of the finest steel, and has an inscription in the centre. The sword was specially designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., Regent Street.

SWORD PRESENTED TO LORD KITCHENER

Rural Notes

AGRICULTURE IN THE NEW CABINET

THE new Home Secretary is a county gentleman of large estate in Kent, where his fifteen thousand acres bring him in over twenty thousand a year. His father was a well-known Kentish agriculturist, Mr. Akers of Malling, and the name of Douglas was taken on coming into further estates. Mr. Akers-Douglas lives at Chelston Park, near Maidstone, and his important promotion distinctly increases the agricultural influence in the Cabinet. On the other hand, Mr. Ritchie, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a business and City man, with little of Sir Michael Hicks Beach's personal connection with the land. The Wyndhams are more closely identified with country interests than the Cadogans whom they replace in the Cabinet, for the Cadogan wealth is mostly derived from town property. Lord Windsor, head of the old Norman house of Fitzwalter, is a great Welsh landowner, but his forty thousand acres being mainly agricultural, he is not wealthy in the way of his Cardiff neighbour, the Marquis of Bute. Sir Acland Hood is a son of a Somerset Squire, and lives at Bridgewater. Mr. Forster, the cricketing member for Sevenoaks, owns much of the land between Catford and Beckenham, but this is now a building rather than an agricultural property. Lord Percy is, of course, a great landowner, the Hon. T. Cochrane has extensive landed interests in Scotland, and Sir William Walrond is a landed proprietor in Devonshire. On the whole, agricultural interests have gained by the Cabinet reconstruction, but the financial policy of a purely urban Chancellor of the Exchequer may need watching by agriculturists.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS

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degrees, or five degrees below the average of August 9 for fifty years at Greenwich. The days immediately preceding and following have had much about the same mean heat, or want of it. What the effect on the crops will be it is difficult to say, but the promise which prevailed on August 1 was distinctly abated a fortnight later, so much must, we fear, be affirmed. The quantity of the forward corn-fields will not have been affected, and that of grain in the backward ones will have been increased by the season, but quality is bound to be most prejudicially affected; in fact, fine quality neither in wheat nor barley can be hoped for when the temperature in the three weeks following blooming is under sixty-three degrees. The oat crop will give good quality with a temperature about three degrees less, but fifty-seven degrees is too low, even for oats, and it is, therefore, probable that for the next twelve months all our finest quality cereals will have to be imported. This is a sad blow to British pride in producing the finest quality of corn. Nobody, for a year to come, at least, will try out for an all-British loaf; in fact the baker who sent such an article to a customer would probably get the loaf back, but lose the

customer! The strong dry red wheat of America, the hard white wheat of India, and the fine wheat, both Ghirka and Azima, of the best Russian districts, will be in special requisition for many months to come. The root crops in Great Britain have suffered no damage and with a hot and dry September, would be a record yield. Potatoes are likely to be a big crop, but sunless and showery days have seen the appearance of disease.

IRISH AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS

The growth of all crops during July, in Ireland, was marvellous, but with respect to the cereals this naturally is accompanied by tears lest they should run too much to straw. Wheat is a great straw crop, hiding the average man as he walks through the fields. But the ears are as green as in June, and little will be reaped in August. Barley is poor; nothing but a hot dry four weeks from now can give either quantity or quality of grain. Oats, on the other hand, are a bumper crop; the winter sowings now being reaped often give five quarters to the acre, and the spring or main crop is expected to be five and a half quarters. The potato yield should be one of the

best for a number of years, and there are as yet no signs of disease. A general renewal of local types has wrought great benefit to this crop in Ireland, and frequent changes in the seed potatoes appears to be a practical specific for the Green Isle. Hay harvest is in full progress in the Shannon country and in Donegal; in the south-east, where it is nearly over, it is above the average.

AMONGST the interesting souvenirs of the Coronation is a hand-some jug, which has been manufactured in the Potteries by the Crown Staffordshire Porcelain Company especially for Messrs. Thomas Goode and Co., of South Audley Street, London, who are disposing of them by subscription at £3 3s. each. In order to preserve the value of the jug as a souvenir the issue has been limited to 500, each of which will be numbered. The jug, which is 7½ inches high, is very richly decorated, all the heraldic colouring being correct. The medallion of the King and Queen, the lion on the handle and the one supporting the Royal Arms are in solid gold. The unicorn is silver, the Arms being enamelled and gilt.



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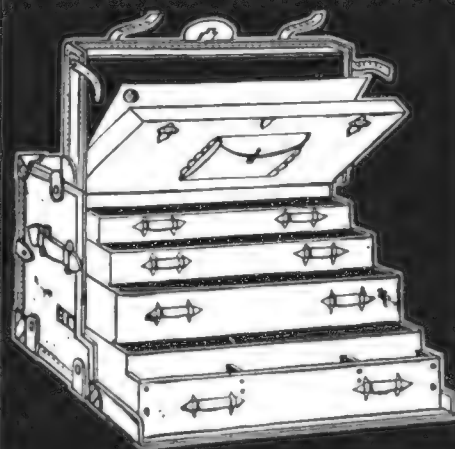
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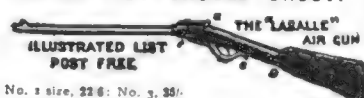
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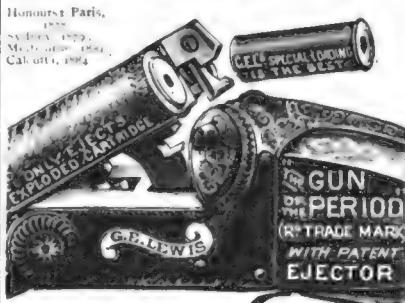
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